P
LSlav
R

Russian Review; social life, economics, politics, literature, science and art.

Vol.1, ~~no.2~~ no.3 (1916)

Slav
R

VOL. I NO. 3

The RUSSIAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1916

SOCIAL · LIFE
ECONOMICS
POLITICS
LITERATURE
SCIENCE
AND · ART

LIBRARY
NOV 19 1916
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PRICE 25 CENTS

Published Monthly by the
RUSSIAN REVIEW PUBLISHING COMPANY
31 EAST 7TH STREET · NEW YORK CITY

VOL. I APRIL, 1916 No. 3

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO RUSSIAN LIFE, LITERATURE AND ART.

LEO PASVOLSKY, Editor.
LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND, Associate Editor. MARK VILLCHUR, Assistant Editor.

PUBLISHED BY
THE RUSSIAN REVIEW PUBLISHING CO., 31 EAST 7TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.
VICTOR SHIMKIN, Business Manager.

CONTENTS.

The First Russian Consul at Boston.....**PROF. LEO WIENER** 131
Earth. A Poem.....**N. F. SHCHERBINA** 140
Translated by Edith M. Thomas.

LITERATURE, MUSIC, ART.

Shakespeare in Russia.....**OSCAR M. KARTOSCHINSKY** 141
Ah, My Muse, She Is Dead! A Poem.....**S. J. NADSON** 147
Anathema. A Story.....**ALEXANDER KUPRIN** 148
Translated from the Russian.
The Prayer. A Poem.....**M. J. LERMONTOV** 154
Translated by Lindsay S. Perkins.
Elijah, the Prophet. A Story.....**I. A. BUNIN** 155
Translated from the Russian.
John Damaskin. A Poem.....**COUNT A. TOLSTOY** 159
*** * * A Poem**.....**N. A. NEKRASOV** 159
Rendered into English Verse by Alice Stone Blackwell.
A New Principle in Music: Stravinsky and His Work,
CARL VAN VECHTEN 160

INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, FINANCE.

Fifty Years of Co-operative Movement in Russia,
A RUSSIAN OBSERVER 164
Russia's Problem of the Increased Cost of Living,
V. KUSMIN-KARAVAYEV 170

RUSSIA AND THE WAR.

Sowing. A Poem.....**MAXIMILIAN VOLOSHIN** 174
Translated by A. Yarmolinski.
Russian Reactionary Politics and the War.....**MARK VILLCHUR** 175
In the Glare of Battle.....**J. OKUNEV** 179

News from Russia..... 187
Literary Notes..... 189
A Bibliography of the Russian Ballet .....H. P. KREINER
Russian Collection at the Yale University Library.

REPRODUCTIONS OF RUSSIAN PAINTINGS:

V. V. Perepletchikov: Winter in the Forest.....*Facing page 144*
N. P. Bogdanov-Belsky: Mental Arithmetic ..... " " *160*

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor of The Russian Review, 31 East 7th Street, New York City, and should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return.
Annual subscription rates: In the United States, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $3.00 net: in Canada, $3.50: in all other countries in the postal union, $4.00.
Application for entry as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., pending.
Copyright, 1916, by the Russian Review Publishing Company.

The First Russian Consul at Boston.

By Leo Wiener.

Professor of Slavonic Languages and Literatures in Harvard University.

Aleksyey Grigorevich Evstafev, or, as he wrote his name in English, Alexis Eustaphieve, was born in 1779 in the Territory of the Don Cossacks. It is not known what his early education was, but apparently his family was able to grant the children better advantages than fell to the lot of most Cossacks, for a brother of his is mentioned by him later as a surgeon of a hospital in the Ukraine. When Alexis was twenty years old, he was sent to London to serve as a chorister in the Russian church which had always been maintained there in connection with the Russian embassy. The two years passed by him in the English metropolis he spent not only in perfecting himself in music, the chief object of his vocation, especially in learning to play the violin, but also in acquiring a literary knowledge of the English language. He soon developed an indomitable desire to become an English man of letters. He made his anonymous debut in 1806 with a prose translation of Sumorokov's tragedy, "Demetrius the Impostor."

Eustaphieve's Russian training fell within the last decade of the eighteenth century, when the rhetorical element, mingling with the newly borrowed English sentimentalism, formed the prevailing tone of all literary productions, and neither his studies in England, nor his sober experiences in Boston and New York ever succeeded in eradicating that dialectic exultation which lies at the basis of all of Sumorokov's works. The Press received this attempt favorably, as the first of its kind, and thought that the translation did credit to a foreigner's skill in the English language.

Encouraged by his first success and sharing the enthusiasm of his countrymen for Russia under Alexander the First, he next year uttered some rhapsodical prophecies in a pamphlet, "Advantages of Russia in the Present Contest with France," to which he appended a short description of the Cossacks, who then formed the subject of universal interest, and gave still wider scope to his blind admiration of Alexander in another pamphlet, "A Key to the Recent Conduct of the Emperor of Russia" (1808), in which he put the best possible interpretation on the Emperor's

action in the Peace of Tilsit. The first of his sketches, like his translation of the tragedy, made the critics speak indulgently of the Russian's proficiency in English composition; but they, at the same time, "wished it contained a little more information and a little less rhetoric." In Russia, the two pamphlets, but especially the second, attracted the attention of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the author was transferred to the office of the Embassy at the Court of St. James.

When, in 1809, Alexander decided to send consuls to America and to be represented by ministers at Washington, the choice for the secondary positions fell upon men already acquainted with the English language or promising to distinguish themselves in the service. Thus, while the first minister, Pahlen, owed his selection merely to Imperial favor, his secretary, Poletica, who a decade later himself became the Russian minister in the United States, was a really capable man, who at home belonged to the famous literary club of the Arzamas, and who profited by his stay in America by writing down his impressions in French, for the benefit of his own countrymen and of others in Europe. This work, though somewhat meagre in details, found favor even in America and was at once translated into English, under the title, "A Sketch of the Internal Condition of the United States of America and of their Political Relations with Europe." Poletica himself carried through life a warm attachment for England and America and was, on account of his strong Anglo-Saxon propensities, nicknamed at home a Methodist and Quaker.

Similarly, the Consul-General Dashkov was a man of inferior caliber who later, when he took Pahlen's place in Washington, made himself very much disliked in the United States, and in the unfortunate incident of the arrest of the Russian consul-general for criminal misconduct almost brought about a rupture of diplomatic relations. But two of his minor associates, Svinin and Eustaphieve, the consul at Boston, were men of more than ordinary ability. Upon his return to Russia, Svinin developed a prodigious activity in art and literature, and in his practical aspects of life and love of material progress showed unmistakably his indebtedness to America. His activity in this direction really began when he was in this country. In the two years of his trans-Atlantic sojourn he drew and painted a mass of American scenes, for which he was later offered the immense sum of 25,000 roubles. He contributed an excellent portrait of Alexander and a drawing of a Cossack of the Don,

and a Memoir on the Cossacks to the *Portfolio*, published in Philadelphia. He wrote a series of articles for a Russian periodical, giving a general view of the Republic of the United States, its religious sects, the newly invented steamboats, the Niagara Falls, and the sports of the Indians, and collected these into a volume, adding to it a series of interesting illustrations. He carefully studied the construction of steamboats, took keen interest in the trial-trip of Fulton's new boat, the Paragon, on the Hudson, made the offer to his Government to build steamboats for Russia at his own expense; but in this he was thwarted by Fulton's grant to build such vessels, which he had obtained through John Quincy Adams' intervention but of which he did not take advantage, leaving it to Oberhüttenverwalter Berd, known in Russia for his mechanical skill, to rig up a steamboat which later plied between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. Unfortunately, Svinin's profitable stay in the United States was cut short in 1813, when he took General Moreau, whose acquaintance he had made here, back to Europe, to fight for Russia and against Napoleon.

Eustaphieve was the only one who remained in America a greater length of time. In the almost half a century of his American life, he, by slow process of transmutation, passed over from a perfervid love of his own country to an equally ardent admiration for everything American, which went so far that he made the reports to his Government in English. He began his career in America by interpreting the acts of his Emperor to the public, but he soon strove to gain a social position in the country of his residence and to give tone to the milieu in which he moved. In his inexhaustible ambition he combined the activities which usually belong to a number of distinct and unrelated individuals: he was a man of letters, wrote political pamphlets, and tried himself in poetry and the drama; he succeeded in putting three of his productions on the stage and cultivated the acquaintance of the famous actors of the day; he was proficient on the violin, and occasionally helped out the Boston Symphony; he acted as an art critic and for a while was Boston's dramatic critic; he was one of the chief advocates of homœopathy in its incipient stages, gaining the approval of Hahnemann himself.

His ability, though remarkable in many respects, was not proportionate to his sublime ambition, and he earned scorn and derision as well as admiration and approval, and his enemies were as plentiful as were his friends. Nothing could daunt him

and, after each virulent attack by his critics, he rose Antaeus-like against his opponents, hurling his mighty thunderbolts against them and growing bolder in his critiques. In Russia he was regarded as a man of great prominence, but there, too, his enemies were as powerful as his friends were great, and he never succeeded in getting the official advancement which was due him or the emoluments which would raise him above a life of mediocre ease and at times even downright want. His name has completely passed out of memory, though historical works occasionally refer to him as "the well-known Russian Consul."

In the beginning of 1811, Eustaphieve had sufficiently progressed in his social status to dare to put one of his dramas on the stage, but he did not yet feel justified in proclaiming his authorship. On March 5th the newspapers announced that a new tragedy in five acts, "Mazepa, Hetman of the Ukraine, written by a gentleman," would be given on the following evening. The program gave a brief account of Mazepa and informed the public that the hero of the play was the only real personage, the rest of the characters being fictitious, that the plot could not be traced from history, and that "as the offspring of imagination it was fairly submitted to the ordeal of public judgment." No lesser lights than Messrs. Duff, Entwistle and Darley, and the Mrs. Darley and Powell took the chief parts, while Mr. Vaughan spoke the prologue. The first two performances did not draw large crowds, and for the third night, March 11th, the author found it necessary to have the tragedy curtailed, to bring it within histrionic bounds. Though the papers announced that his Excellency and Suite would probably honor Mazepa and the Theater with their attendance that evening, and though they spoke with commendation of the tragedy as "an attempt in a higher walk than any we have witnessed in this town," the theater was not packed, and the play was not given again until April 24th, as a benefit for Messrs. Vaughan and Robertson.

Encouraged by his dramatic success and anxious to continue the literary career begun by him in England, Eustaphieve published early in 1812, "Reflections, Notes, and Original Anecdotes, illustrating the Character of Peter the Great, to which is added a tragedy in five acts entitled "Alexis, the Czarewitz." In his panegyric on Peter the Great, in whom he apparently found the prototype for Alexander I., to whom the volume was dedicated, he refuted the charges of cruelty which had been preferred against the Tsar, and surrounded him with an aureole of glory, investing him with all the virtues in the calendar of saints. In

so far as this eulogy gave evidence of a patriotic spirit in the author, it found favor with the American critics, but his extravagant praise only provoked their smiles. A captious writer, signing himself "Claudio," put his sentiment in verse:

> "Oh! then, Alexis, cease thy lay,
> Nor think that Fame will ever pay
> For time thus idly thrown away,
> Or add to thy celebrity!"

The tragedy, which forms the second part of the book, was intended as a vindication of Peter from the charge of having killed his own son. Eustaphieve, no doubt, had intended to put this blank verse tragedy on the stage, but the approaching war of France with Russia for a time enlisted his literary ambition into another, more profitable direction, that of a champion of contemporary Russia and of a prophet of the final supremacy of his native country. In May 1812, his "The Resources of Russia, in the Event of a War with France, and an Examination of the Prevailing Opinion Relative to the Political and Military Conduct of the Court of St. Petersburgh, with a Short Description of the Cozaks," was published anonymously. The Russian successes of the following year, as predicted by him, soon raised him high in the esteem of American readers, and his pamphlet was three times reprinted in the United States and several times in England. But in England it roused the ire of the *Edinborough Review*, on account of the author's attack upon the English Government, and he was severely taken to task for his utterances. Eustaphieve enjoyed nothing better than a stiff fight, and he retaliated with a "Reply to the Edinborough Reviewers," in which he did not mince matters, and incidentally accused them of getting their good reviews, not from Englishmen, but from Walsh of Philadelphia. It was an irony of fate that Eustaphieve should find himself soon facing Walsh himself, whom he attacked vigorously and unsparingly in a long postscript to the "Reflections on the War of 1812," translated and expanded by him from the Russian of Chuykevitch.

The "Russian Consul of Boston" became an authority on European matters, and in 1815 his "Memorable Predictions on the Late Events in Europe," which had been published the year before, were supplemented by "More Predictions Concerning the Second Downfall of Bonaparte." His reputation was particularly great among the men of the Federalist party, who looked

with favor and joy upon the downfall of Napoleon, and who, for a year or two, kept celebrating the Russian victories all along the Atlantic Coast, from Newburyport to Georgetown. In the middle of March 1813, there appeared in the Boston papers an appeal to the citizens to celebrate the downfall of France, "to unite in a grateful and national festival on this glorious and auspicious event, and to invite the Consul of his Imperial Majesty of all the Russias, to participate with us on the joyous occasion." In inviting Eustaphieve, T. H. Perkins, the chairman of the committee of arrangements, wrote, "It will not be forgotten that it was you who made known to the American people 'The Resources of Russia,' nor that what we now know as history, was prophetically announced by you, as the fate of the Despot, who vainly thought, that your countrymen might be added to the number of his vassals. We rejoice with you, that the oppressed and humiliated nations of the Continent of Europe are now bursting their shackles, and that your gallant Emperor is hailed as the Deliverer of the Commercial World."

The great moment had arrived for Eustaphieve. He accepted the invitation in an enthusiastic manner. The celebration took place on March 25. It was a glorious affair. An Oratorio was prepared in the Stone Chapel. The solemnities consisted of airs, a recitative and choruses of nearly two hundred amateurs. Famous musicians, such as Hewitt and Graupner, furnished the instrumental music; Rev. Mr. Channing offered up a solemn prayer, and Dr. Freeman selected his Scripture readings in such a way that they fully rendered the course of the political events in Europe. Two thousand people were edified by this impressive church celebration, and at four o'clock the subscribers to the festival assembled at the Exchange for a feast, at which Hon. Harrison G. Otis, assisted by a number of distinguished gentlemen, presided. The hall was appropriately decorated. When "The Emperor of Russia" was given as a toast, a curtain was drawn which disclosed a transparent likeness of Alexander in full uniform, with the motto "Alexander, the Deliverer of Europe." When a toast in honor of Moscow was announced, another transparency was unveiled, representing "Moscow in Flames." Otis delivered an address on the emancipation of Europe from thraldom and the rescue of America from a great danger, finishing it with a toast to "Alexander the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, — he weeps not for the conquest of a new world, but rejoices in the salvation of the old." After toasts to the American national rulers, the Russian nation and the Russian armies,

there followed a Russian ode, and after many more toasts and more odes, the Russian Consul was called for a toast. The Consul was not well trained in public speaking, and so the President read the toast prepared by him. It ended with the following reference to himself:

"With regard to myself individually, 'Thanks' is the only word I am capable of uttering. You have cherished me, you have received me as one of your own, you have kindly overlooked my defects, and magnified my little deserts. I can say no more. I will wear you in the core of my heart, and if ever I forget what I owe you, or if ever I wilfully render myself unworthy of your friendship, I shall become the destroyer of my own happiness. Citizens of Boston: To comply with the established custom, and my feverish wish, I will,with your permission, give you the toast which is the titlepage to the sentiments I have ever entertained, —The Capital of Massachusetts! The first to resist aggression and the last to remember an injury. May it ever in politics and morals be the leading star in America!"

After the Consul had retired, the following was given: "The Russian Consul, the Gentleman and the Scholar, — the ornament of his own country and the friend of ours." The celebration ended with an ode on "Boney's Retreat," written by a lad of fifteen, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

Eustaphieve's "Alexis" was put on the stage on March 23rd of next year, with Mr. and Miss Holman and Mr. Young playing the principal parts. The performance was a success, the reputation of the author serving as an inducement for Boston society to attend. "The representation of this play was highly creditable to the performers," said one paper, "and Mr. Eustaphieve may congratulate himself on having conquered where it is not dishonorable to fail."

Boston was at the height of its admiration for everything Russian, and so the performance of "Alexis" was repeated on April 11th with the addition, "for the first time in America, and for that night only," of a melodrama in three acts, with Russian national music, selected and arranged by Mr. Hewitt, called "the Faithful Wife, or the Cozaks on the Road to Paris," in which the outlandish names of Roubinin, Mohroon, Chichak, Bournovilie were apparently intended to increase the terror caused by the Cossacks. Alexander's portrait (a true likeness) appears raised upon the Cozaks' spears, and is followed by a correct transparency of Moscow in flames, both painted from an original picture by Mr. Penniman, for the late Russian festival. The whole to

be concluded with the celebrated Grand Russian Polonesso, as performed at the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburgh."

Emboldened by his dramatic success, Eustaphieve at once proceeded, anonymously it is true, to proclaim himself as Boston's chief dramatic critic, on the pages of the *New England Palladium and Commercial Advertiser*. On January 2nd 1815, he wrote: "Whence comes it that the stage, which, like a double-edged instrument, cuts right or wrong according to the direction given it, should be so slightly regarded among us, that the eye of Criticism, vigilant in other respects, scarcely ever deigns to rest upon it, or passes by only with a casual and transient glance? In any other civilized country, the operation of this machine, at once useful and dangerous, is watched with an anxiety and jealousy, fully proportionate to its acknowledged importance: Why then is it neglected among ourselves? Are we more virtuous, or more different, and less likely to be influenced by the scene of fiction, than our European ancestors and brethren? Or are its powerful effects weakened and neutralized by a voyage, which Thalia and Melpomene must necessarily make across the Atlantic in order to visit us? I have often put these questions to myself and to my friends, who, as often, instead of resolving them, answered only by asking why I do not myself remedy the neglect complained of, by putting on the garb of Critic, and thus lead the way for other abler pens in a career so honourable and important. I confess I have often felt tempted to adopt this advice, but diffidence, and a lurking hope that someone will yet precede me, have till now witheld me, and it was not till I witnessed the representation of the Iron Chest on Monday last week, that my impatience overcame my fears and I yielded to the temptation."

During the months of January, February and March of that year, he thus criticized at great length the Iron Chest, The Curfew (by Tobin), Jane Shore (by Rowe), Revenge (by Dr. Young), The Merchant of Venice, Catharine and Petruchio, Adelgitha, Romeo and Juliet, Abaellino, The Hero of the North (by Diamond), Richard the Third, Machetto, A School for Scandal, As You Like It, The Provoked Husband, Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are (by Mrs. Inchbald), Education, The Wonder a Woman Keeps Her Secret, The Miller and His Men, Henry the Eighth, and Much Ado About Nothing.

The anonymity did not deceive anyone in Boston. Everybody knew who the author was, and one, W., severely attacked

him in the *Boston Gazette*. On February 9th there appeared the following verses from his pen:

> "Critics there are, a set of snarling elves,
> Who think no merit due but to themselves;
> Who deal out praise, as nature deals out brains,
> Or Druggist like,—in pennyweights and grains!
> Yet scan their works, and what do we descry;
> Nought but pedantic nonsense meets their eye—
> 'Tis thus th' aspiring 'Censor' would be great,—
> But his own 'Cossac' justly seals his fate."

The polemic between W. and Eustaphieve and his friends was taken up again in the beginning of the next season, but apparently Eustaphieve for once succumbed to the attacks, for after two or three more criticisms he gave up his endeavors to instruct the Boston public. Up to 1818 we do not again hear of him, except that he joined with others to recommend the purchase of The Landing of the Fathers, which ultimately was purchased by the Pilgrim Society and put on exhibition in Museum Hall, near Brattle Street Chapel, in September 1820.

Eustaphieve was not crushed. He was all the while laboring on a great epic, which at last appeared in 1818, "Demetrius, the Hero of the Don." At the end of the soporific 7000 lines of the seven Cantos the author cheerfully informed the public that that was only the beginning of a much longer work, that "he, therefore, respectfully takes his leave for the present, adding merely that a few notes and a critical essay upon the Epopee, particularly on Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, are contemplated in connection with the original design of the poem." This was more than the *North American Review*, heretofore silent in regard to Eustaphieve, was willing to endure. A sarcastic review of "Demetrius" appeared, which brought a long series of counterblasts in the *Palladium*, avowedly from a friend of Eustaphieve, but more likely by himself, in which he said of the *North American Review*, "How came this rickety, would-be malicious thing christened by the name of Review, to find its way into the grand literary galaxy of New England?"

Henceforth Eustaphieve disappeared from the pages of the periodicals, but he continued to cultivate the acquaintance of the actors and actresses of his day, and is occasionally mentioned in their reminiscences. Occasionally, too, one comes in the newspapers across some reference to his daughter's musical

accomplishments, and in 1828 Longfellow wrote to his father about Miss Eustaphieve, of whom he said, "She is an exceedingly graceful and elegant dancer, and plays beautifully upon the pianoforte."

Soon after, Eustaphieve was transferred to New York, where he apparently developed a similar literary activity, for in 1837 he published a little book on Homœopathy, which in 1846 appeared in an enlarged form, under the title, "Homœopathia Revealed, a Brief Exposition of the Whole System, adapted to General Comprehension, with a note of Psora and Dr. Duringe's Objections, with a sketch of Isopathia, inscribed to John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S." In New York we lose trace of Eustaphieve, and neither American nor Russian sources give us any information on the ultimate fate of this modern Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus de Hohenheim, who considered it his duty to act as a mediator between European and American culture.

Earth.

By N. F. Shcherbina.

Translated by Edith M. Thomas.

Do you remember, dear—or care?
When I was but a little thing,
Among the garden-blossoms, there,
I brushed a bee and took its sting:
My finger pained me. Quick and hot,
My tears ran like a rivulet.
You laid upon the aching spot
A lump of brown earth, cool and wet...
And, all at once, there was no pain!
And you looked on, with your kind eyes,
To see me at my sport, again,
Of chasing dappled butterflies.
That time is long and long since flown;
But I received a later dart...
Oh, dear my friend, to you I own,
It is Love's shaft within my heart!
So be it!—now I only crave
The perfect cure that with you lies—
A little cool earth from your grave
Above this heart, upon these eyes.

Literature, Music, Art.

Shakespeare in Russia.

By Oscar M. Kartoschinsky.

It is often said in Europe, half in earnest, half in jest, that it was Germany that discovered Shakespeare for the English. There is an element of truth in this statement, for nowhere has Shakespeare been studied so zealously as in Germany, and no other country has such a tremendous number of Shakespearophiles. Shakespearean *Vereins* are scattered all over the country, and it would be difficult to find a German town, however small, in which there is no such *Verein*. All this shows clearly enough to what degree Germany has "monopolized" Shakespeare. It is significant that in Germany, where, with the beginning of the present War, a campaign was started against all foreign elements of the national culture, no attempt has been made to part with Shakespeare; his dramas are still being played in German theatres, particularly in Max Reinhardt's playhouse in Berlin. In commenting upon this fact, the German press pointed out that Shakespeare is almost as much a German writer, as an English one, thus emphasizing the universal importance of the great poet.

In Russia, Shakespeare has not yet been studied as thoroughly as in Germany. But he is loved, truly and sincerely, in Russia perhaps even more than in Germany. To study, to systematize, to motivate, — this is the German's business. But when it is a matter of love, it is hard to vie with the Russian. Truly, Shakespeare is loved in Russia. This is proved by the fact that Shakespeare's works never disappear from the boards. Not only in Petrograd and Moscow, but in every town where there is a theatre, Shakespeare's dramas are staged every theatrical season, and attract large audiences. It is difficult to find, in Russia, a man of even limited education, who is not familiar with Shakespeare's work. Nor is this familiarity based upon mere reading of the plays; it is strengthened by the frequent opportunities afforded to see them on the stage. There is scarcely an actor of any prominence in Russia who has not attempted Shakespearean roles. As to the great actors, the Shakespearean repertoire was the beginning and the end of their histrionic art. Until

recently the fame of almost all the best Russian actors was created almost exclusively by their Shakespearean roles.

Shakespeare's "career" in Russia began in the next to the last decade of the eighteenth century. Catherine the Great was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare. Well read in his works, she wrote a drama in 1786 about an early Russian prince, Ryurik, and called this work not an original play, but "An Imitation of Shakespeare." Her next play, dealing with the life of Prince Oleg, bears the same subtitle. Of course, there was little of Shakespeare in these dramas, but the very fact that they were characterized as imitations of Shapespeare indicates that even in the time of Catherine the Great all theatrical art was connected with Shakespeare's name.

In 1787 the first translation from Shakespeare appeared in Russia. It was *Julius Caesar,* done into Russian by the noted writer, Karamzin. From that time on, those of the higher society began to familiarize themselves with Shakespeare, at first in the original, and, later on, in translations. But these renderings were at first of an accidental character. They were printed now and then in the periodicals of the time. It was only at the beginning of the nineteenth century that these translations began to appear in separate editions. It was at this period, too, that there commenced the efflorescence of Russian literature. Original geniuses, full of freshness and spontaneity, such as Pushkin, and later Gogol, and others, came to replace the older, mainly imitative talents, like Benediktov, Derzhavin, Viasemsky, who followed in the footsteps of French, and especially German pseudo-classical literature. The cause of Shakespeare in Russia owes much to these great writers: they really appreciated Shakespeare's grandeur and depth.

In the decades that followed, almost all of Shakespeare's plays were translated into Russian, but the complete edition of his works appeared only in the sixties. It was edited by N. A. Nekrasov, at that time the greatest national poet. This edition comprised translations by one of the best of the Russian Shakespearophiles, A. A. Sokolovsky, also by the poets P. Veinberg, F. Miller, A. Rizhov. P. I. Polevoy, the author of a very detailed biography of Shakespeare, which opens the edition, wrote: "In undertaking this edition we neither had, nor could have in view to give Russian literature such a translation of Shakespeare, that after it nothing could be left to do in the way of making the Russian public more intimately acquainted with the greatest poet of all ages and nations."

Later on it was A. P. Ostrovsky, the glory of Russian dramatic literature, who translated Shakespeare, also the noted Russian philologist, P. A. Kozlov, and the dramatist Gnedich. Together with the number of translations grew the body of interpretative literature. The most enthusiastic interpreter of Shakespeare was the first Russian literary critic, Vissarion Belinsky.

"Only Shakespeare," wrote he, "the divine, the great, the inaccessible, has comprehended Hell, and Earth, and Heaven. Nature's king, he levied an equal tribute on the good and the evil; and inspired seer, he spied out the throbbing pulse of the universe. Every drama of his is the world in miniature. A new Proteus, he was able to endow dead reality with a living soul. A profound analyser, he was able to find the clue to the solution of the highest psychological problems of man's moral nature, in what appears the most insignificant circumstances of his life and will. Never does he have recourse to springs or props in the arrangement of his dramatic action. The actions of his dramas unfold freely, naturally, from their own essence, according to the immutable laws of necessity." It is the opinion of all those who write about Shakespeare in Russia that Belinsky has seized most deeply upon the beauty and the grandeur of Shakespeare, despite the fact that he had only a piecemeal acquaintance with the work of the great dramatist.

Among Shakespeare's works the most popular and the best loved in Russia are *Hamlet, Othello, Romeo and Juliet.* To these works a great body of critical literature has been devoted, a large share of it, to *Hamlet.*

It was *Hamlet* that won the deepest sympathy of the Russians. His passivity, his constant reflection, his everlasting pensiveness, — are these not typically Russian traits? We can almost say that in Russia alone Hamlet is sincerely loved and deeply understood. The critic I have already quoted, Vissarion Belinsky, characterizes Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark in the following way: "Hamlet's nature is purely inward, contemplative, subjective, born for feeling and thought. But circumstances demand from him action, instead of feeling and thought; they call him from the ideal into the practical world, into the world of action. Naturally, this situation gives rise to a terrible struggle in Hamlet, to an inward conflict, which forms the very essence of the whole drama. Hamlet is a strong personality by nature. His caustic irony, his sudden fits of anger, his passionate sallies in the conversation with his mother, the proud contempt and open hatred he shows to his uncle,—all this bears

witness to the energy and the greatness of his soul. As to his lack of resolution, it is the result of his inward discord and of the fact that he is dominated by his tendency to reflection and contemplation. A man of such a nature cannot go further than the first start, so much so, that the role of a hangman was not in Hamlet's nature." It is difficult to find in critical literature a more earnest and passionate plea for Hamlet.

Hamlet was also Turgeniev's favorite Shakespearean hero. He even wrote a story, *Hamlet of the Shchigrov District,* in which he humorously depicted the Russian Hamlet. Other characters in Turgeniev's novels are typical Hamlets: Rudin (in the novel of the same name), Sanin *(Spring Waters),* and others.

And what superb Hamlets the Russian stage has seen! We owe wonderful histrionic incarnations of Hamlet to the greatest Russian actors of former times, such as Shchepkin and Mochalov, who played in the fifties of the last century, and Kachalov, the pride of the Moscow Art Theatre, which is the best theatre in Russia, and, perhaps, not in Russia alone. Nor do these names exhaust the list, for many other less known actors played Hamlet to perfection. To what degree *Hamlet* is popular in Russia may be seen also from the fact that many phrases from Hamlet's monologues have become a part of the conversational language of the Russian educated class.

Other plays of Shakespeare, notably *Othello, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet,* were received in Russia with equal warmth. In late years Russian theatres began to stage such dramas as *Winter's Tale, Much Ado About Nothing, Macbeth.* The Moscow Art Theatre included in its repertory *Julius Caesar,* in addition to Hamlet, and its staging has been recognized by connoisseurs of the dramatic art, in general, and of Shakespeare in particular, as one of the best in the world.

At the beginning of this article, I pointed out the fact that Russia is behind Germany in her knowledge of Shakespeare. While this is true, we should not omit to mention that Russia, too, is introducing the cult of Shakespeare. Learned societies and circles founded for the purposes of a many-sided and accurate study of the dramatist, are gradually increasing in number, and enlarging the scope of their work. It is noteworthy that such societies and circles had existed in former years, thouhg they were not widely known. For instance, it was only in 1902 that we learned about a very remarkable Shakespeare Circle that existed in Moscow in the seventies of the past century. This Circle was founded by a group of students of Moscow Univer-

V. V. Perepletchikov: Winter in the Forest.

sity, although later it had among its members learned professors, and well-known writers and actors.

About ten years ago, Mr. A. Van Kistern wrote a volume of "Recollections" dealing with this Circle. He began his account in the following manner: "Nowadays, when the life of Moscow has changed so radically, when nothing remains of that type of life which made it possible for the Shakespearean Circle to come into existence, when human passions are raging around us, when bombs are exploding in the streets (This was written during the revolution), when politics replace all other interests, nowadays one feels especially the irresistible attraction of that peaceful, distant past which will never come back." I have dwelt purposely on this sad foreword of the author of the "Recollections" about the first Russian Shakespeare Circle (in all probability, the first), because in this foreword are pointed out indirectly the causes which have hampered the study of Shakespeare in Russia.

"When passions are raging..." But passions will always rage in Russia, until the time comes when she will have effectively guaranteed political freedom. And if, despite all this, the cult of Shakespeare has penetrated into the consciousness of the educated class, it is because the Russians keenly feel and sincerely love everything truly beautiful, these traits being innate in them.

This article would not be complete, were I to fail to mention Tolstoy's attitude towards Shakespeare, a subject which at one time stirred up the Russian intellectual classes. The whole civilized world knows that the great Russian genius made an attempt to set at naught Shakespeare's works. "The sooner people will get rid of the false Shakespearean cult, the better," wrote Tolstoy in the conclusion of his long discussion on Shakespeare. "First, because people, having freed their minds from this falsehood, will have to understand that drama not based on the religious principle, is not only matter which is neither important nor good, but it is decidedly a most trivial and contemptible thing."

Is it not significant that, in the Shakespearean problem, Tolstoy stand alone, — Tolstoy the great, the incomparable, to whose opinions Russia listened so eagerly, no matter what was the subject, whose writings of the last years of his life constantly added new recruits to the army of his followers? Tolstoy's attitude towards Shakespeare amazed Russia. At that time I met at Petrograd the noted Shakespearean scholar, Sokolovsky,

already mentioned, and he said to me: "Tolstoy is a human being, and everything human is of concern to him. Every man has his idiosyncrasies; Tolstoy has shown his in his attitude towards Shakespeare. The reverential carefulness with which Tolstoy arrived at his negative attitude towards Shakespeare is far more interesting than the denial itself."

Let us turn again to Tolstoy's own words. "My disagreement with the accepted opinion about Shakespeare," wrote Tolstoy at the beginning of his analysis, "is the outgrowth not of a casual mood, nor of a light-minded attitude towards the subject; it is the result of repeated attempts, made in the course of many years, to reconcile my outlook with the traditional opinions about Shakespeare held by all the educated people of the Christian world. I remember the amazement I experienced on first reading Shakespeare. I expected great æsthetic pleasure, but after reading consecutively those of his dramas which are reputed to be his best, viz., *King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Macbeth,* what I felt was not pleasure, but repugnance, boredom, perplexity."

After describing this perplexity at some length and emphasizing Shakespeare's great reputation in the entire civilized world, Tolstoy continues: "For a long time I distrusted myself, and, during fifty years, I read Shakespeare several times, to verify my state of mind. Every time my feelings were the same: boredom, repugnance, perplexity. Before writing this, I, a man of seventy-five years, read Shakespeare once more in order to be certain; the same feelings came to me with even greater force."

How eloquent are these endless verifications! For fifty years Tolstoy was checking up his impressions, and only near the eve of his death did he finally decide to utter his judgment against Shakespeare. His death itself is truly Shakespearean in its tragical grandeur. Is not this the most striking refutation of his judgment about the great Poet?

The third part of the study on "Aspect of Russian Literature," by Louis S. Friedland, will appear in the May number of the *Russian Review*.—Ed.

Ah, My Muse, She is Dead!

By S. J. Nadson.

Translated by P. Leonov.

Ah, my muse, she is dead!... 'Twas not long her beams bright
Did illumine my days, full of loneliness drear,
Now the lights are all dark, and the flowers are all sear,
And the night, like a grave, gives no promise of light.

'Tis in vain in my heart, troubled, weary, and torn,
That I seek those sweet sounds which awaken new life:
For my fragrant, bright wreath lies there trampled, forlorn,
Songless now is my grief, ever songless my strife.

Yet in years now gone by, in my poor, humble home,
Ah, what marvels and miracles came to my sight!
I would wish it, and heaven's magnificent dome
O'er my head would unfold its outpouring of light;

And the silvery surface of lakes would appear,
And the columns of glorious palaces rise,
And the snow-covered mountains their tops proudly rear,
With their sharp, rugged ridges upreaching the skies.

Now, alas! I'm alone... And unpleasant, and drear
The deserted, lone corner my hungry gaze meets,
Like a black, gloomy bird, bringing harrowing fear,
Stormy night with its wings on my window-pane beats.

Splendid fanes of bright marbles have crumbled to dust,
Lofty mounts with their grandeur are lost in the haze,
And my heart bleeds again at each new, cruel thrust,
Tears of impotent rage flow, beclouding my gaze.

Ah, my muse, she is dead!... 'Twas not long her beams bright
Did illumine my days, full of loneliness drear,
Now the lights are all dark, and the flowers are all sear,
And the night, like a grave, gives no promise of light.

Anathema.

By Alexander Kuprin.

Translated for "The Russian Review."

"Father Deacon, stop burning that candle. You won't get far at this rate," said the archdeacon's wife. "It's time to get up."

This little, thin, sallow-faced woman treated her husband very sternly. When she was still at school, the prevalent opinion there was that all men are rascals, cheats, and tyrants. But the deacon was not a tyrant at all. He was really afraid of his hysterical wife, who was subject to fits. They had no children, as the wife was barren. The archdeacon was of immense stature, weighing over three hundred pounds, with a chest that reminded one of the body of an automobile. He was possessed of a powerful voice, and at the same time, of that gentle condescension, which is so peculiar to exceedingly strong men when they are dealing with very weak persons.

It took the archdeacon a long time to get his voice into proper shape. He had to go through the whole of that painfully long and unpleasant process which is so familiar to all public singers. He, too, had to make local application with cocaine, and with caustic, and gargle his throat with a solution of boric acid. While still in bed, Father Olympy began to try out his voice:

"Via... hmm!... Via-a-a!... Halleluja, halleluja... maa-ma..."

"Don't seem to sound well, God bless me. Hm...," thought he to himself.

Just like famous singers, he never trusted his own powers. It is a well-known fact that actors become pale and make the sign of the cross just before coming out. Father Olympy was the same way. And yet, there was not another man in the city, perhaps not in all Russia, who could make the dark, ancient church with its gilt mosaics, resound to his low notes. He alone could fill every nook and corner of the old building with his mighty voice, and make the cut-glass ornaments on the incense bowls tinkle in unison.

His wife brought him a glass of weak tea with lemon, and, as usual on Sundays, a small glass of vodka. Olympy tested his voice again. "Mi, mi, fa..."

"Strike that *D*, mother," said he.

His wife struck a prolonged, melancholy note.

"Hm... Pharoah, driving his chariot... No; doesn't work. The devil take that writer, what's his name?"

Father Olympy was a great lover of books. He read them one after another, in any order, never interesting himself much in the writer's name. His education in the seminary, based mostly on learning things "by heart," and consisting almost ex-

clusively of memorizing church canons and quotations from the Fathers of the Church, had developed his memory wonderfully. In order to memorize a whole page of the complicated works of such dialecticians as Augustine, Tertullian, Origen, and Basil the Great, all he had to do was to read the lines, and they would become firmly fixed in his memory. Books for reading were supplied by his friends, Smirnov, a student at the Academy. The book he had just read was a beautiful story of life in the Caucasus, where soldiers, Cossacks, and Chechens killed each other, drank wine, married, and hunted wild beasts.

The book aroused the archdeacon's adventurous soul. He read it over three times, and during each reading he cried and laughed with joy, doubled his fists, and turned his huge body from side to side. Of course, it would have been much better if he were a hunter, a fisherman, a horseman; certainly, his place was not in the clergy.

* * *

He always came to the church a little later than was necessary; just like the famous baritone at the opera. Approaching the southern gate of the altar, he tested his voice for the last time.

"Hm, hm . . . Sounds like *D*, and that rascal of a regent will be sure to strike *C-sharp*. But I don't care. I'll get the choir to sing my tone, anyway."

The pride of the popular favorite awoke in him. He knew that the whole city adored him, and that even boys in the streets gathered in crowds to gaze at him, as they did upon the gaping mouth of the enormous trumpet in the military orchestra that played in the public square.

The archbishop came in and was solemnly led to his place. His mitre was tilted a little to the left. Two subdeacons were standing on each side, swaying the censers rhythmically. The clergy, in bright holiday vestments, surrounded the archbishop's seat. Two clergymen brought the images of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary from the altar.

The church was an old one, and, like Catholic churches, it had a little elevated platform in one corner, with a carved oak railing around it, and a flight of narrow, winding steps leading up to it.

Slowly, feeling each step and carefully supporting himself by the hand rail, as he was always afraid to break something through his awkwardness, the archdeacon mounted the platform, coughed, spit over the railing, touched his tuning-fork, went from *C* to *D*, and began the service.

"Bless me, your most gracious Eminence!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Regent. You won't dare to change the pitch as long as the bishop is here," he thought. He felt with pleasure at that moment that his voice sounded better than ever, went easily from note to note, and made the air of the whole church tremble with its soft, deep sighs.

It was Quadragesima Sunday, in the first week of Lent. At first there was very little work for Father Olympy. The reader

monotonously mumbled the psalms; the deacon, an academician and future professor of homiletics, spoke rapidly through his nose.

From time to time the archdeacon roared, "*We shall attend,*" or, "*We shall pray to the Lord.*" His huge body, in a surplice embroidered with gold, towered over the crowd. He stood there shaking his black, silvering hair, that was like a lion's mane, and testing his voice from time to time. The church was filled with old women and gray-bearded, little, old men, who reminded one of fish-traders, or money-lenders.

"It's funny," thought Olympy, "that all women's profiles remind you either of a fish, or of a hen's head!... There's my wife, too..."

But his professional habits compelled him to follow closely the service, that was in accordance with the seventeenth century mass-book. Finally, the psalm-reader finished his part, concluding it with the words: "The Most High Lord, our Master and Creator, Amen."

Then began the rite of the affirmation of Orthodoxy.

"Who is more supreme than our Lord? Thou, O Lord, art supreme above all, thou, alone, performest miracles."

The melody was slow, and not very distinct. The service for Quadragesima Sunday and the rite of anathematization may be varied at will. For example, the Holy Church knows anathemas written for special occasions, e. g., anathemas against Ivashka Mazepa, Stenka Razin, the heretic Arius, the iconoclasts, the Archpriest Habakkuk, etc., etc.

But something peculiar happened to the archdeacon that morning, something that had never happened before. Perhaps it was the whiskey that his wife gave him that morning.

Somehow his thoughts could not become detached from the story he had read the night before. Simple, beautiful, fascinating pictures rose in his mind with unusual clearness and distinctness. But, through sheer force of habit, he completed this part of the service, pronounced the word "Amen," and concluded:

"This apostolic faith, this paternal faith, this Orthodox faith, this universal faith, affirm."

The archbishop was an extreme formalist and pedant. He never permitted any omission in the canons of the most blessed father Andrew of Crete, or the funeral rites, or any other service. And Father Olympy, making the whole church tremble with his mighty voice, and the glass ornaments on the lustres tinkle in unison with it, cursed, anathematized, and excommunicated the following: all iconoclasts, all heretics, beginning with Arius, all followers of the teachings of Italus, the pseudo-monk Nile, Constantine and Irinika, Varlaam and Akindina, Herontius and Isaac Argira, all Mohammedans, Jews, those who mock the Holy Church, those who blaspheme the Day of Annunciation, tavern-keepers who rob widows and orphans, Old Believers, the traitors and rebels Gregory Otrepiev, Timoshka Akundinov, Stenka Razin, Ivashka Mazepa, Emelka Pugachev, and also all who profess faith contrary to the Holy Orthodox Faith.

Then followed categorical anathemas against those who refuse the blessing of redemption, who deny the holy sacraments, who do not recognize the councils of the Fathers of the Church and their traditions.

"All those who dare to presume that the Orthodox rulers are not seated on their thrones by the special grace of God, and that at their annointing and their elevation to that high station the blessings of the Holy Ghost do not descend upon them, and who dare, therefore, to rise in rebellion against them and to betray them... All those who blaspheme and mock the holy images..."

And after each exclamation the choir answered him sadly, the gentle, angelic voices groaning the word, "*Anathema.*"

Hysterics began among the women.

The archdeacon had already finished the "Long Life!" service to all the deceased zealots of the church, when the psalm-reader mounted the platform and handed him a short note from the archpriest, in which he was instructed, by the order of the archbishop, to anathematize the "boyard Leo Tolstoy."—"See Chapt. L. of the mass-book," was added in the note.

The archdeacon's throat was already tired after its long exertions. Yet he cleared it again and began: "Bless me, your most gracious Eminence." He scarcely heard the low whisper of the old archbishop:

"May our Lord God bless you, O archdeacon, to anathematize the blasphemer and the apostate from the faith of Christ, rejecting its holy sacraments, the boyard Leo Tolstoy. In the name of Father, and Son, and the Holy Ghost."

"Amen," came from the choir.

Suddenly, Father Olympy felt his hair standing erect on his head, becoming hard and heavy, like steel wire. And at the same moment, the beautiful words of the story he had read the night before came to him, clear and distinct:

...awaking, Eroshka raised his head and began to watch intently the night butterflies, which were flying around the trembling flame of the candle, and falling into it.

"You fool," said he. "Where are you flying? Fool, fool!" And sitting up, he began to chase the butterflies away from the flame with his thick fingers.

"Why, you'll get burnt, you little fools. Fly over there, there's lots of room," he was saying gently, catching the butterflies by the wings, holding them carefully in his thick fingers, and then letting them go.

"You're hurting yourself, and I'm trying to save you."

"My God! Whom am I anathematizing?" thought the archdeacon in terror. "Him? Is it possible? Didn't I weep all night in joy, and rapture, and admiration?"

But, obedient to the traditions of centuries, he continued to hurl those awful, stupefying words of anathema and excommunication, which fell into the crowd like the peals of a huge brass bell.

"...The former priest Nikita, and the monks Sergius, Sabbatius, Dorothius and Gabriel... blaspheme the holy sacraments of the church, and will not repent and accept the true church; may they be cursed for such impious doings..."

He waited a few moments. His face was now red, streaming with perspiration. The arteries of his neck swelled until they were as thick as a finger...

Once I was sitting by the river and saw a cradle floating down. A perfectly good cradle it was, only one side broken off a little. And then all sorts of thoughts came into my head, Whose cradle is it? Those devils of soldiers of yours must have come to the village, taken the women with them, and some one of them, maybe, killed the child. Just swung him by the feet and dashed him against the corner of the house. As though such things were not done? There is no soul in men! And such thoughts came to me, such thoughts... They must have taken the woman with them, I thought, thrown the cradle away, burned the house. And the man, I guess, took his gun and went over to our side to be a robber.

"...And though he tempt the Holy Spirit, like Simon, the magician, or like Ananius and Saphira, returning like a dog to the matter he has vomited, may his days be short and hard, may his prayer lead to sin, may the devil dwell in his mouth, may he be condemned forever, may his line perish in one generation, may the memory of his name be effaced from the earth. And may double, and triple, and numerous curses and anathemas fall upon him. May he be struck with Cain's trembling, Giezius's leprosy, Judas's strangulation, Simon's destruction, Arius's bursting, the sudden end of Ananius and Saphira... Be he excommunicated and anathematized, and forgiven not even unto death, may his body fall to dust and the earth refuse to accept it, and may a part of it descend into eternal gehenna, and be tortured there day and night..."

And his vivid memory brought to his thought more and more of the beautiful words:

Everything that God has made is for man's joy. There is no sin in anything... Take a beast, for example. He lives in the Tartar rushes, and in ours... Wherever he comes, there is his home. He eats whatever God gives him. And our people say that for such doings you will lick hot irons in Hell. Only, I think that it is not true."

Suddenly the archdeacon stopped and closed the ancient mass-book with a snap. The words that followed on its pages were even more terrible than those that he had spoken. They were words that could have been conceived only by the narrow minds of the monks who lived in the first centuries of our era.

The archdeacon's face became blue, almost black; his hands clutched convulsively the railing of his platform. For a second he thought that he was going to faint. But he recovered himself. Straining the utmost resources of his mighty voice, he began solemnly:

"To the joy of our earth, to the ornament and the flower of our life, to the true co-militant and servant of Christ, to the boyard Leo ...

He became silent for a second. There was not a whisper, not a cough, not a sound in the crowded church. It was that awful moment of silence when a large crowd is mute, obedient to one will, seized by one feeling. And now, the archdeacon's eyes reddened and became suffused with tears, his face suddenly became radiant with that beauty which can transform the face of a man when in the ecstasy of inspiration. He coughed again, and suddenly, filling the whole edifice with his terrible voice, roared:

"Lo-o-ong li-i-ife."

And, instead of lowering his candle, as is done in the rite of anathematization, he raised it high above his head.

It was in vain that the regent hissed at his choir-boys, struck them on the heads with his tuning-fork, closed their mouths with his hand. Joyfully, like the silvery sounds of the archangels, trumpets, their voices rang out through the church, "Long life! Long life!"

In the meantime, Father Prior, Father Provost, an official of the Consistory, the psalm-reader, and the archdeacon's wife had mounted on the platform.

"Let me alone ... Let me alone ..." said Father Olympy in a wrathful, hissing whisper, contemptuously brushing aside Father Provost. "I've spoiled my voice, but it was for the glory of the Lord. Go away."

He took off the surplice embroidered with gold, reverently kissed the stole, made the sign of the cross, and came down. He went out through the aisle, towering over the crowd, immense, majestic, and sad, and people involuntarily moved away, experiencing strange fear. As if made of stone, he walked past the archbishop's place without even glancing at it.

It was only in the church yard that his wife caught up with him. Crying and pulling him by the sleeve, she began to shriek:

"What have you done, you crazy idiot? Got drunk in the morning, and started up ... It'll be lucky if they only send you to some monastery to clean cesspools. How much trouble I'm going to have now, and all on account of you, you blockhead!"

"Doesn't make any difference," said the archdeacon, looking at the ground. "I'll go as a common laborer, become a switchman or a janitor, but I won't serve in the church any more. I'll go to-morrow. Don't want it any more. My soul can't stand it. I believe truly, according to the symbol of the faith, yes, I believe in Christ and the apostolic church. Yet I feel no wrath."

And then again, the familiar, beautiful words rushed through his mind,

Everything that God has made is for man's joy.

"Idiot! Blockhead!" shrieked his wife. "I'll send you to the insane asylum ... I'll go to the Governor, to the Tsar ... Got drunk out of his senses, the blockhead."

Then Father Olympy paused, turned around, and, opening wide his large, angry eyes, said sternly and heavily:

"Well?"

For the first time his wife became timidly silent. She turned away from her husband, covered her face with a handkerchief, and burst into tears.

And he walked on, immense, dark, and majestic, like a monument.

The Prayer.

By M. J. Lermontov.

Translated by Lindsay S. Perkins.

In life's dark moments when with care
And grief my heart is sore,
The accents of a wondrous prayer
I whisper o'er and o'er.

They bring a blessing with each tone,
Those living words of light,
And breathe a charm before unknown,
A holy, calm delight.

The burdens of my doubts and fears
Far from my spirit go;
My faith, my penitential tears,
How easy, easy flow!

Elijah, The Prophet.

By I. A. Bunin.

Translated for "The Russian Review."

There was a fire that Spring at Semyon Novikov's, who lived with his thin-armed brother, Nikon, at Ovsiany Brod. Then the brothers decided to divide their property, and Semyon was to build a new house for himself, farther down on the high road.

On the night before St. Elijah's day, the carpenters asked permission to go home. So Semyon himself had to spend the night in the unfinished building. He had his supper with his brother's large family, in the little room full of flies and noise, lit his pipe, threw a coat over his shoulders, and said to his wife:

"It's too stuffy here. I guess I'll go to the new house and spend the night there. Somebody might steal the tools."

"Take the dogs with you, at least," said his wife.

"Nonsense," answered Semyon, and went out.

The moon was shining that night. Thinking about his new house, Semyon did not notice how rapidly he covered the distance from the village to the high road, going up hill all the time through a broad field, and then a verst up the road, coming, at last, to his unfinished new home, roofless as yet, but covered with ceiling-boards. The house stood on the edge of a large field planted with oats, all by itself. Its frameless windows looked like black holes; moonlight played dully on the edges of freshly cut beams, on tow, stuffed into joints, and on shavings, scattered all over the threshold. The golden July moon rose far beyond the gulches of the Brod, and seemed to be very low and very dull. Its warm light appeared to be diffused. Ripe ears of oats shone gloomy and greyish, like sea sand. Towards the north, the whole landscape appeared sombre. A dark cloud was rising there. Soft winds, blowing from every side, at times became stronger and ran in rapid gusts through stalks of rye and oats, which fluttered dryly and restlessly. The cloud in the north seemed motionless; only from time to time it glittered with a rapid, ominous, golden glow.

Lowering his head, as usual, Semyon entered the door. It was dark and stuffy inside. The moon's yellowish light that peered through the window-holes did not mingle with the darkness, but seemed, rather, to accentuate it. Semyon flung his coat on top of some shavings, right in one of the bands of light

that lay on the floor, and threw himself on it, settling on his back. After sucking his cold pipe for a few minutes, he put it into his pocket, and, having reflected a little, fell fast asleep.

By and by, gusts of wind began rushing into the empty window-holes, through the building, and out through the door. Dull peals of thunder began to rumble at a distance. Semyon woke up. The wind was now quite strong; its gusts were rushing, uninterruptedly, through rows of feverishly fluttering stalks of rye and oats. The light of the moon was now duller still. Semyon walked out of the house and into the field of fluttering oat-stalks, that stood as pale as ghosts. He looked up at the cloud. There it stretched, black and threatening, covering half the sky. He was standing directly against the wind, which was dishevelling his hair, and forcing him to close his eyes. And the lightning, too, flashing ever more brightly and threateningly, blinded him. Making the sign of the cross, Semyon knelt down. Suddenly he saw a small crowd of people, with bare heads and new, white clothes, appear at the other end of the field, plainly visible against the dark wall of the cloud. The crowd was moving towards Semyon, bearing an enormous ancient image. The bearers were airy, vague, almost transparent, but the image was perfectly clear and distinct; the awful, stern face shone red upon the black field, burnt by candle-flames, besplattered with wax, and framed in ancient, bluish silver.

The wind blew the image away from Semyon's face, and Semyon, in joy and trepidation, bowed to the ground before the image. And when he raised his head, he saw that the crowd was quite close to him, holding in front of him the magnificent image, while upon the cloud, as in the great church painting, the whitebearded Elijah himself appeared. Like God, Lord of the Sabaoth, Elijah was clad in fiery chitons. He was sitting upon the lower edges of the cloud, which had a dead-blue color, while above him burned two orange-green rainbows. And, his eyes flashing like lightning, Elijah spoke to Semyon, his voice mingling with the distant rumble of thunder.

"Stand there, Semyon Novikov! And hear me, ye princely Christian peasants! For I am going to bring to judgment Semyon Novikov, a peasant of the Yeletzk Ouyezd, Predtechevskaya Volost, the hamlet of Ovsiany Brod."

And the whole field, shining there as if covered with white sand, and all its stalks of grain seemed to rush forward and bow before Elijah, and in the midst of their fluttering the Prophet's voice rose again.

"I am angry with you, Semyon Novikov, and I am going to punish you."

"What have I done to anger you, O Lord?" said Semyon.

"It does not befit you, Semyon, to question me, Elijah. You must answer me."

"Just as you say, O Lord."

"Two years ago I killed your elder boy Panteley with my lightning. Why did you bury him only half way, and return him to life through witchcraft?"

"Forgive me, O Lord," said Semyon, bowing before him. "I was sorry for the youngster. And then, think yourself: who is going to take care of me when I grow old?"

"And last year I cut your rye down with wind and hail. Why did you find out about it ahead of time, and sell your crop in the field?"

Forgive me, O Lord," said Semyon, bowing before him. "My heart foretold it, and I needed the money so badly."

"And this year, didn't I burn your house down? Why are you in such a hurry to separate from your brother and build a new house?"

"Forgive me, O Lord," said Semyon, bowing before him. "I thought my thin-armed brother unlucky, and that all those misfortunes came through him."

"Close your eyes. I'll think, and take counsel as to how to punish you."

Semyon closed his eyes and bowed his head low. The wind was whistling through the fluttering stalks, and Semyon tried to overhear Elijah's conversation with the peasants. But a new peal of thunder drowned their whispers.

"No, I can't think of anything," said Elijah in a loud voice. "Think of something yourself."

"May I open my eyes?" asked Semyon.

"No. You will think better with your eyes closed."

"You're a strange fellow, O Lord," grinned Semyon. "Well, what can I do? I'll buy you a candle for three roubles."

"Oh, you have no money. Didn't you spend everything you had for the new house?

"Well, then I'll go to Kiev, or to the White City," said Semyon, hesitatingly.

"That would be simply wasting your time and wearing your shoes out. Who'll take care of your house?"

Semyon thought for a few moments.

"Well, then, kill my girl, Anfiska. She's only two, anyway. Though she is a fine girl, and nice to look at; we'll all be awfully sorry for her. But what's to be done?"

"Hear him, ye Christians," said Elijah in a loud voice. "I agree."

And then such a bright streak of lightning tore the cloud, that Semyon's eyelashes almost became lit up, and such a violent peal of thunder shook the sky, that the whole earth trembled.

"Holy, holy, holy Lord! Have pity on us!" whispered Semyon.

Awaking, and opening his eyes, Semyon saw only a cloud of dust, and the fluttering stalks swayed by the wind. He was on his knees in the middle of the field. Dust was flying in clouds down the road, and the moon shone dimly overhead.

Semyon jumped to his feet. Forgetting all about his coat and the tools, he began to walk rapidly in the direction of the hamlet. It began to rain when he turned from the high road into the field. The dark clouds were now hanging low over the gloomy gulches. The reddish moon was disappearing behind them. The hamlet was fast asleep; only the cattle moved restlessly in their barns, and roosters crowed ominously. Semyon began to run, and, approaching his old, dilapidated house, he heard women wailing. Near the threshold he came across his brother Nikon, standing with his coat on and his head bare. There he stood, so thin and prematurely wrinkled, looking about him stupidly.

"There's trouble in your place," said he, and his voice plainly showed that he was not yet fully awake.

Semyon rushed into the house. The women were tossing about in the dark, shrieking and wailing, looking for matches. Semyon snatched a box from behind an image and struck a light. The cradle, hung near the stove, was swaying from side to side, for the women knocked against it as they rushed about the room. And in the cradle lay a little girl, dead, her body turned black-blue, while on her head a night-cap, made of scraps of cloth, was burning slowly.

From that time on, Semyon lived quite happily.

John Damaskin.

By Count Alexis Tolstoy.

Translated by P. Leonov.

I bless ye woods, with verdure streaming,
Ye dells, fields, hills, and waters free,
And thee I bless, O Liberty,
And thee, O sky, with azure gleaming.
My staff so trusty bless I, fetching,
And this, my bag, companion true,
This field from end to end outstretching,
The sun's bright beam, the night's dark hue;
This lonely path, which now I'm treading,
A beggar, coming from afar,
Each blade of grass, in fields outspreading,
And in the sky each twinkling star.
Oh, if within myself enfolding
All life, my soul I merged with you,
O friends, in warm embraces holding, —
And foes, e'en mischievous and scolding, —
And all of Nature with you, too!

*
* *

By N. A. Nekrasov.

Rendered into English Verse by Alice Stone Blackwell.

'Tis sultry! Deprived of all freedom,
Our sad life flows darkly and dull.
Oh, would that a storm would burst o'er it,
For the cup of our patience is full!

Burst o'er the abyss of the ocean,
And through fields and forests be hurled,
And spill, from the brim to the bottom,
The cup of the woe of the world!

A New Principle in Music:

Stravinsky and His Work.

By Carl Van Vechten.

Although Igor Stravinsky plainly proclaimed himself a genius in *The Firebird* (1909-10), it was in *Petrouchka* (1910-11) that he began the experiment which established a new principle in music. In these "scenes burlesques" he discovered the advantages of a new use of the modern orchestra, completely upsetting the old academic ideas about "balance of tone," and proving to his own satisfaction the value of "pure tone," in the same sense that the painter speaks of pure color. And in this work he breaks away from the standards not only of Richard Strauss, the Wagner follower, but also of such innovators as Modeste Moussorgsky and Claude Debussy.

Strauss, following Wagner's theory of the *leit-motiv*, rounded out the form of the tone poem, carried the principle of representation in music a few steps farther than his master, gave new colors to old instruments, and broadened the scope of the modern orchestra so that it might include new ones; in one of his symphonies Gustav Mahler was content with 150 men! Moussorgsky (although his work preceded that of Strauss, the general knowledge of it is modern), working along entirely different lines, strove for truthful utterance and achieved a mode of expression which usually seems inevitable. Debussy endowed music with novel tints derived from the extensive, and almost exclusive, use of what is called the whole-tone scale, and instead of forcing his orchestra to make more noise he constantly repressed it. (in all of *Pelleas et Melisande* there is but one climax of sound and in *l'Apres-midi d'un Faune* and his other orchestral works he is equally continent in the use of dynamics).

Igor Stravinsky has not been deaf to the blandishments of these composers. He has used the *leit-motiv* (sparingly) in both *The Firebird* and *Petrouchka.* He abandoned it in *The Sacrifice to the Spring* (1913) and in *The Nightingale* (1914). His powers of representation are as great as those of Strauss; it is only necessary to recall the music of the bird in *The Firebird,* his orchestral piece, *Fireworks,* which received warm praise from a manufacturer of pyrotechnics, and the street organ music in *Petrouchka.* Later he conceived the mission of music to be some-

N. P. Bogdanov-Belsky: Mental Arithmetic.

thing different. *"La musique est trop bete,"* he said once ironically, *"pour exprimer autre chose que la musique."* In such an extraordinary work as *The Nightingale* we find him making little or no attempt at representation. The bird does not sing like the little brown warbler; instead Stravinsky has endeavored to write music which would give the *feeling* of the bird's song and the effect it made on the people in his lyric drama to the auditors in the stalls of the opera house. As for Strauss's use of orchestral color the German is the merest tyro when compared to the Russian. There is some use of the whole-tone scale in *The Firebird,* and elsewhere in Stravinsky, but it is not a predominant use of it. In this "conte danse" he also suggests the *Pelleas et Melisande* of Debussy in his continent use of sound and the mystery and esotericism of his effect. Stravinsky is more of an expert than Moussorgsky; he handles his medium more freely (has anyone ever handled it better?) but he still preaches the older Russian's doctrine of truth of expression, a doctrine which implies the curt dismissal of all idea of padding.

But all these composers and their contemporaries, and the composers who came before them, have one quality in common; they all use the orchestra of their time, or a bigger one. Strauss, to be sure, increases the number of instruments, but he still utilizes a vast number of violins and violas massed against the other instruments, diminishing in number according to the volume of sound each makes. He divides his strings constantly, of course; they do not all play alike as the violins, say, in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* but they often all play at once.

Stravinsky experimented at first with the full orchestra and he even utilized it in such late works as *Petrouchka* and *The Nightingale.* However, in his search for "pure tone" he used it in a new way. In *Petrouchka,* for example, infrequently you will hear more than *one of each instrument at a time* and frequently two, or at most three, instruments playing simultaneously will be sufficient to give his idea form. The entire second scene of this mimed drama, is written for solo piano, occasionally combined with a single other instrument. At other times in the action the bassoon or the cornet, even the triangle has the stage. And when he wishes to achieve his most complete effects he is careful not to use more than seven or eight instruments, and *only one of each.*

He experimented still further with this principle in his Japanese songs, for voice and small orchestra (1912). The words are by Akahito, Mazatsumi, and Tsaraiuki. The orchestra, to

accompany a soprano, consists of two flutes (one a little flute), two clarinets (the second a bass clarinet), piano (an instrument which Stravinsky almost invariably includes in his orchestration), two violins, viola, and 'cello. This form of chamber music, of course, is not rare. Chausson's violin concerto, with chamber orchestra, and Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* instantly come to mind, but Stravinsky did not stop with chamber music. He applied his new principle to the larger forms. I have not heard these songs with orchestral accompaniment (the piano transcription was made by the composer himself) but I may take the judgment of those who have. I am told that they are of an indescribable beauty, and instinct with a new color, a color particularly adapted to the oriental naivete of the lyrics.

In his newest work, *The Village Weddings*, which I believe Serge de Diaghilev hopes to produce, his principle has found its ultimate expression, I am told by his friend, Ernest Ansermet, conductor of the Russian Ballet in America and to whom Stravinsky dedicated his three pieces for string quartet. The last note is dry on the score of this work, and it is therefore quite possible to talk about it although no part of it has yet been performed publicly. According to Mr. Ansermet there is required an orchestra of forty-five men, each a virtuoso, *no two of whom play the same instrument* (to be sure there are two violins but one invariably plays pizzicato, the other invariably bows). There are novelties in the band but all the conventional instruments are there including, you may be sure, a piano and an infinite variety of woodwinds, which always play significant roles in Stravinsky's orchestration. And Mr. Ansermet says that in this work the composer has achieved effects such as have only been dreamed of by composers hitherto . . . I can well believe him.

He has made another innovation, following, in this case, an idea of Diaghilev's. When that impresario determined on a production of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, *The Golden Cock*, during the summer of 1914 he conceived a performance with two casts, one choregraphic and the other vocal. Thus Mme. Dobrovolska sang the coloratura role of the Queen of Shemakhan while Mme. Karsavina danced the part most brilliantly on her toes; M. Petrov sang the role of King Dodon, which was enacted by Adolf Bolm, etc. In order to accomplish this feat Mr. Diaghilev was obliged to make the singers a part of the decoration. Natalie Gontcharova, who has been called in to assist in the production of *The Village Weddings*, devised as part of her stage setting two tiers of seats, one on either side of the stage, extending into the flies

after the fashion of similar benches used at the performance of an oratorio. The singers (principals and chorus together) clad in magenta gowns and caps, all precisely similar, sat on these seats during the performance and, after a few seconds, they became quite automatically a part of the decoration. The action took place in the centre of the stage and the dancers not only mimed their roles but also opened and closed their mouths as if they were singing. The effect was immensely diverting and more than one serious person was heard to declare that the future of opera had been solved, although Mme. Rimsky-Korsakov, as she had on a similar occasion when the Russian Ballet had produced Fokine's version of *Scheherazade,* protested.

Rimsky-Korsakov wrote his opera to be sung in the ordinary fashion, and, in so far as this matters, it was perhaps a desecration to perform it in any other manner. However, quite beyond the fact that very large audiences were hugely delighted with *The Golden Cock* in its new form, these performances served to fire Stravinsky with the inspiration for his new work. He has written *The Village Weddings* to be given precisely in this manner. It is an opera, the roles of which are to be sung by artists who sit still while the figures of the ballet will enact them. The words, I am told, are entirely derived from Russian folk stories and ballads, pieced together by the composer himself, and the action is to be like that of a marionette show in which the characters are worked by strings from above. It may also be stated on the same authority that the music, while embracing new tone colors and dramatic effects, is as tuneful as any yet set on paper by this extraordinary young man; the songs have a true folk flavor. The whole, it is probable, will make as enchanting a stage entertainment as any which this composer has yet contrived.

Industry, Commerce, Finance.

Fifty Years of Cooperative Movement in Russia.

By A Russian Observer.

I.

The economic life of Russia has, at this moment, a peculiar interest for the United States. Everything that characterizes this side of Russia's life should, it would seem, be carefully studied by Americans, and understood as clearly as possible. There is a promise of advantage and prosperity for both sides in the friendship which is now being rapidly brought about between the great Empire and the great Republic. But such friendship will scarcely be consummated unless Russia and the United States come really to know and understand each other. At the present moment, every indication seems to show that both countries are eagerly seeking to bring about close mutual friendship.

Of course, to know Russia means to learn something more about her than merely her economic life. In Russia's peculiar civilization there are numberless traits of extreme interest and highest fascination. But the friendship between the two countries must necessarily begin with an economic, financial, and commercial rapprochement. After this will stretch the strings of more delicate interests and, with them, other rapprochements. But first of all, Russia must show herself before the United States in the light of her potential economic possibilities.

And it must be the whole of Russia that should thus present herself, if the impression desired is to be complete. The information that is needed must characterize not a separate group, or a single class of the population, but the whole vast country with its enormous population, especially from the point of view of the economic forces that the Russian people potentially possesses. It is necessary to know Russia's millions of consumers, for, after all, it is the consumer, his interests and

his purchasing power, that determine the economic potentialities of any country.

From this point of view, there is not another body of facts that would give a more interesting and important representation of Russia's economic side than the data concerning the cooperative movement in the country. A short time ago, Russia celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her cooperative movement, and the results of the movement, brought together during the celebration, afford us an opportunity to look into the very face of economic Russia. The stages of the movement, the character and the tempo of its development, speak of the progress made by the whole country. After fifty years of her cooperative movement, Russia found within the country over thirty-five thousand cooperative organizations, with a membership of almost twelve millions. If we recall the fact that cooperation is most prevalent among peasants, and that, therefore, every member of a cooperative organization represents a whole family, we cannot but accept the estimate offered by one of the most competent students of the Russian cooperative movement, who places the total actual membership of the Russian cooperative organizations at sixty millions. Modern armies, which are numerically much smaller than the above figure, are often, and quite justly, spoken of as an "armed people." What shall we say then about the army of the Russian cooperative movement, which numbers in its ranks one-third of the great country's total population!

The Russian cooperative movement was born on October 22, 1865. Its birth was really almost contemporaneous with the birth of modern Russia. The shackles of serfdom fell off the limbs of Russia on February 19, 1861. This was the greatest reform in Russia's history, prior to October 17, 1905, and it was accompanied by a whole series of great reforms. Every great reform was followed by a record of brilliant achievements on the part of the liberated country. To the reformed statutes of 1864, which introduced in Russia "just, rapid, merciful and equitable dispensation of justice," *) Russia responded with a galaxy of brilliant jurists and lawyers. Russia's response to the liberation of millions of peasantry from the bonds of serfdom, was her cooperative movement. And this response is one of the brightest pages in the history of Russia's culture.

The abolition of serfdom brought Russia to a new economic

*) Subsequent statutes and administrative practice have, unfortunately, almost nullified the importance of the statutes of 1864 as far as the modern dispensation of justice in Russia is concerned.

road. The peasants, who were, until their liberation, entirely dependent economically upon their masters, now became independent, and were consequently compelled to seek their own salvation. After the abolition of serfdom, capitalism began to develop rapidly in Russia, and the capitalistic system set up before the producing peasant a whole series of most difficult economic problems. It became necessary to adapt production to the needs of the market, and the need of increasing the productivity of labor and land became fundamental in the rural economy of Russia. In order to achieve this, it was necessary to have loan and savings associations and credit societies. Moreover, it was essential for peasants to unite into cooperative groups for purposes of buying and selling.

It was, therefore, not merely an accident that the first Russian cooperative institution was a loan and savings association, which was formed in 1865, only four years after the abolition of serfdom. It came into being in an out-of-the-way, obscure corner of the government of Kostroma, and from there spread throughout the length and breadth of Russia. A short time after this, the first consumers' league was formed in Siberia.

Before long, Zemstvos began to be interested in the movement. Through their assistance many cooperative dairies, blacksmith shops, tar-works, and shoe-shops were organized during the period from 1866 to 1874. Cooperative credit institutions were developing at the same time. Between 1873 and 1877 about one hundred and fifty loan and savings associations were established annually. The Zemstvos alone established over eight hundred such associations between 1870 and 1877. In 1895 a new type of cooperative credit institution came into use. This was the credit society, in which there are no shares or stock, the capital being a loan from the State Bank, or from local Zemstvos. At the present time, loan and savings associations are most numerous in the western part of Russia, where the peasant population is more prosperous, while the credit societies are more common in the provinces of eastern Russia. On July 1, 1913 there were in Russia 12,225 loan and savings associations and credit societies with a membership of 7,649,192, and the total amount of loans 519,400,000 roubles. On January 1, 1916, the number of these organizations reached 15,450.

Although the first consumers' league was formed almost at the same time with the first loan and savings association, the development of this phase of Russia's cooperative movement proceeded much more slowly. Still, the average number of con-

sumers' leagues, formed annually before 1892, was fifty. After this date, the tempo of the development became more rapid, and the average number of charters granted annually during the last decade of the nineteenth century was over one hundred. The development was even more rapid during the first decade of the present century, so that by January 1, 1913, the number of consumers' leagues in Russia was 7,578.

In the course of the last ten or fifteen years, the separate cooperative organizations began to unite into larger groups. The largest of these associations of cooperative groups was the Moscow Union of Consumers' Leagues, which, by July 1, 1915, was made up of 1,390 member-leagues, with a total capital of 345,761 roubles. The business done by the leagues in 1915 amounted to 22,855,407 roubles. In 1911 the Warsaw Union of Consumers' Leagues was organized, and in 1912, the Perm Union. The center of the cooperative credit organizations is the Moscow People's Bank, the business of which, in 1914, amounted to 110,221,081 roubles. Compared with the business done in 1913, the above figure shows an increase of 54,214,911 roubles. The business done during the first nine months of 1915 amounted to 141,513,030 roubles.

II.

Among the factors that were responsible for the rapid development of the Russian cooperative movement, were the two All-Russian Cooperative Congresses. The first was held at Moscow in 1908, and was attended by 1000 delegates; the second was held at Kiev, in 1913, and was attended by 1,500 delegates. At both of these Congresses it was definitely shown that the Russian cooperative movement had already outgrown the obsolete legislation which is still applied to it. The two Congresses thus pointed out precisely the weak spot in the organization of the Russian cooperative movement. It is interesting to note that the model for the first Russian cooperative organization was brought over from Germany at the time when the ideas of Schulz-Delich were still popular there. But, while Germany passed, in 1868, an imperial law providing that a mere declaration is sufficient for the formation of a cooperative organization, or a union of such organizations, Russia still has an absolutist system, and no cooperative society can be established without permit. Not very long ago such permits were not granted, in many cases, until three or four years after the ap-

plication was made. It is true that at the present moment permits are granted more readily. Recently, seventeen permits were granted *en bloc,* but there are even now over seventy applications pending.

As was pointed out at both Cooperative Congresses, the absolutist system of establishing cooperative societies and unions hampers the great work of organizing the economic forces of the country. A new law concerning the formation of cooperative societies is imperatively demanded by the existing conditions. Such a bill has already been worked out, and it was introduced in the Douma during the last session (August 1 - September 16, 1915). The bill was endorsed by a large majority of the Douma, the Left, the Constitutional-Democrats and the Center being heartily in favor of such a reform.

There is no doubt that this bill will soon become law, and then new perspectives will open before the Russian cooperative movement. Yet, even in the present stage of this movment, we are dealing with an extraordinary economic organization.

It is customary to think of Russia as a land rich in opportunities which she does not turn to account. This opinion is correct if we take it *cum grano salis.* And yet, when we take it as a generalization it must be considered as unjustified.

In the "Board of Trade Labour Gazette," for September 1915, we find interesting data concerning the cooperative movement in Great Britain. It appears that, by the end of 1914, there were, in the United Kingdom, 1,524 cooperative organizations of all kinds, with a total membership of 3,096,314. From these figures it would seem that economic self-government is better developed in politically backward Russia, than in Great Britain, the home of political self-government. As we have already shown, Russia had, by the end of 1915, 35,000 cooperative organizations, with a membership of 12,000,000. And this, as we have also already seen, means that the influence of the cooperative movement extends over almost 60,000,000 persons, or one-third of Russia's total population.

What is most important is that this is the most prosperous third of the population. An examination of the social and economic status of the membership of the Russian cooperative societies shows that the poorer peasants and workingmen do not participate in them. Thus, the Siberian dairy cooperatives consist mostly of fairly well-to-do peasants, each family possessing, on the average, six or seven cows. An investigation, conducted in the government of Oufa, showed that the average

family among members of cooperatives is 6.15 persons, as against 5.8, which is the average for the whole population of the government. The amount of land held by members of the cooperatives is 7.26 desiatinas, as against the average of 5.45 desiatinas. The members of the cooperatives have 3.25 heads of cattle, as against the average of 2.74 heads.

The amount of a loan in the loan and savings associations is determined by the standing of the applicant. Therefore, only fairly prosperous peasants can make use of these associations. For example, in the Moscow *ouyezd*, the membership of the credit cooperatives contains a smaller percentage of peasants owning no horses, than the percentage for the whole population. The percentage of those owning one horse is still lower than for the whole population. It is only for the group of peasants owning more than two horses that the percentage becomes the same as for the whole population. In the southern part of Russia, in the governments of Ekaterinoslav, Kherson, and Taurida, most of the members of the credit cooperatives own two horses or more, while the percentage of those owning no horses is very small.

During the half century of its development, the Russian cooperative movement has selected,—and, in fact, it could not help doing this,—those elements of the population which are capable of energetic, independent activity, the elements which have some economic foundation to work on. Therefore, the fiftieth anniversary of the Russian cooperative movements is a triumph for the whole of economic Russia. The development of the movement has proceeded on such a mighty scale, because the whole country is economically powerful, young, full of inexhaustible economic might. Russia is on the threshold of a new historic epoch.

Russia's Problem of the Increased Cost of Living.

By V. Kusmin-Karavayev. *)

A year ago the question of the increased cost of living in Russia was considered merely from the point of view of the outer effects. The prevailing prices were compared with those which had existed during the preceding year, and measures were adopted to keep the prices from rising very high above that level. Therefore, the means used were largely simple and elementary. Fixation of prices was the commonest of these measures, and it was strengthened by threats of severe punishment and requisition. But it was soon discovered that the question could not be settled in this way. Articles of prime necessity not only became expensive, but their supply in some places began to diminish rapidly. Then attention was directed to the problem of railroad transportation. But there, again, the measures adopted were not effective. The decrease of supply was soon followed by total disappearance of some of the prime necessities of life. Sugar, for example, could not be obtained at Petrograd for some time. It became a common thing to see hundreds of people waiting in line before a store to obtain a pound of sugar, or a bottle of milk, or a bag of flour.

This shortage of the prime necessities of life is felt very acutely by the consumers. Bitter reproaches are showered upon the officials of the Ministry of Railways for the failure of the country's railroad system to transport sufficient quantities of products. And great indignation is expressed against the municipal authorities for not providing supplies. These reproaches against the municipal authorities are indulged in even by those who ought to know perfectly well that these officials are powerless to do anything for the regulation of transportation, or the determining of prices.

There are two interesting facts which have been brought out by the conditions of the transportation system. As far as Petrograd is concerned, its connection with the interior of the country is maintained by one railroad line. But, in Moscow, as well as in Petrograd, there are hundreds of people waiting in

*) *From "Vestnik Evropi" (Messenger of Europe), of Petrograd.*

line for their turn to purchase sugar, butter and flour. And yet Moscow is the greatest railroad center in Russia. It is clear, therefore, that railroad transportation is not solely responsible. A part of the blame should be placed upon the conditions existing at the sources of supply.

There is one other noteworthy phase of the matter. Petrograd had all along received most of its supplies of grain, both for municipal consumption and for export, by water, and not by rail. Why is it, then, that during the present year even the supplies needed for municipal consumption did not arrive? Late crops and early frosts have occurred in previous years. Why did not Petrograd ever before experience shortage of flour, oats, and wheat?

It might be said, of course, that, as matters stand, the blame should be thrown on the cupidity of the sellers. Without denying the presence of this cause, it seems to us that this would be much too simple a cause of all causes. In the long run, the question of prices, as well as of supply and demand, is settled, not by the seller's cupidity, but by the normal desire of gain and the normal fear of loss. Therefore, if we admit that the large dealers in grain did not send to Petrograd and Moscow sufficient quantities of food products, we must come to the conclusion that the system of fixation, requisition, and punishment, like a two-edge instrument has directed its sharper edge against the consumer, and not the seller. The truth of this conclusion is borne out by the fact that Petrograd is threatened by wood famine. At a recent meeting of the Petrograd Municipal Council it was reported that the supply of wood for the current winter has been much smaller than usual, despite the fact that the demand has increased considerably, due to the fact that many manufacturing concerns now use wood instead of coal. Yet, in the districts which usually supply Petrograd with wood, fewer trees have been cut down than formerly. Thus, the wood dealers, obviously taking into account the administrative measures, diminished their productive activities.

Now, increase in the cost of living must be regarded as inevitable. The country is passsing through an acute economic and financial crisis. The amount of paper money in circulation is three times the normal. And, while its market value has not fluctuated within the country itself, the purchasing power of paper money has decreased considerably. Therefore, the condition in which people with "fixed incomes," (who constitute the

bulk of the city population), find themselves, may be called either increased cost of living, or depreciation of money.

No less important is the economic crisis, which has had its most marked effects again, upon persons with "fixed incomes." Russian economic life is based on rural economy. And the latter has suddenly undergone a tremendous change. The enormous sums of money, — almost one and half billion roubles, — which the population of the country annually spent for drink, now remain in their hands. At the same time, hundreds of millions of roubles come into the peasants' hands as pensions, money paid to the families of militiamen, and as payments for supplies delivered to the War Department. The enormously increased deposits received by the savings institutions continue to grow. Despite the rapidly rising prices for such articles as dry-goods, the peasants now purchase larger quantities of them than they did formerly, even in the most successful years.

In former days, it should be noted, the rural population not only cut down its needs, but it actually starved. There is nothing strange, therefore, in the fact that this population first of all began to satisfy its need of food products, i. e., it ceased to throw its supplies of these products upon the municipal markets. Last summer the writer had occasion to spend some time in a village in one of the northern governments, which he had visited annually for many years. Approaching a group of peasants, who were just through with their breakfast and morning rest, he found that the place where they were sitting was strewn with egg shells. Now, he had never before seen peasants in this locality eat eggs, except on holidays, or as a special delicacy. And those were the times when eggs were worth about one copeck each. At present, peasants refuse to sell them at three copecks.

In the same locality, the writer had occasion to observe another interesting phenomenon. Hemp-growing is quite common there. Ordinarily, the work of preparing hemp is done by women and girls. This work is not difficult and not tiresome, but it is dusty, and the women are compelled to work in the rain. The usual wages paid are from 35 to 40 copecks per day. Now it is impossible to find workers for 1 rouble and 20 copecks. And this is so because they refuse to work under conditions which compel them to breathe dust and remain out in the rain.

An economic crisis always entails an increase in the cost of living, as a consequence of a disturbance in the established economic relations. Of course, human cupidity takes advantage of such an economic disarrangement of things. But no system of

repression can overcome an economic crisis. The duties of the authorities are much more complicated. They must differentiate between the direct consequences of an economic crisis and its indirect results, such, for example, as the unreasonable increase of prices, unjustified by the cost of production.

A Common Sight before a Russian Groceries Shop, as Represented by a Russian Cartoonist.

Russia and the War.

Sowing.

By Maximilian Voloshin.

Translated by A. Yarmolinski.

'Tis not the tiller
That steaming furrows drives
In chilly glades when autumn wanes;
And in her wounds the Earth
Rejoices not;
'Tis not the plow
That left these gaping traces on the glebe.
Not heavy seeds of golden wheat,
Nor Spring's sweet showers
That fecundate Earth's ever-virgin womb,
But steel and brass,
And living flesh and seething blood
The evil Sower has sown
In handfuls generous,
On days of Wrath and Falsehood.
The ears of Hate
And snakes of chaff
Will spring from out the fields
Of joyless victories,
Where Mother-Earth
Was angered by her cruel sons.

Russian Reactionary Politics and the War.

By Mark Villchur.

For the past few months Russia has been in the grip of a political reaction, with the reactionary factions holding the political stage of the country. This state of affairs is an occasion for anxious inquiries on the part of Russia's friends as to whether this can possibly be a condition of greater or less permanency, i. e., whether the reactionary parties are sufficiently powerful to hold the political power in their hands.

The political reaction, which set in after the prorogation of the Douma last September, has resulted in whole series of administrative measures and restrictions, which are hampering the tremendously useful work of such organizations as the War Industrial Committees, that attempt to turn every economic resources of the country into an agency for producing the needs of war. The Zemstvo and Municipal Unions have felt the hand the new political regime, which culminated in the appointment of State Councillor Boris V. Sturmer as the President of the Council of Ministers. The new Premier's name is associated with one of the saddest pages in the history of self-government in Russia. His political career began with his active participation in the government's campaign against the liberal Zemstvo of Tver, which destroyed the spirit of that splendid institution several decades ago.

We shall attempt to analyze briefly the social and political status of these reactionary groups, their views and their program, and the chances of their survival after the War.

For almost ten years prior to the outbreak of the European War, there existed in Russia a rather curious political situation. The policy of the government was supported by a combination of the reactionary and the conservative groups, which were entirely different in many respects, but occupied almost identical political positions. The significant part of the present situation is that the War has brought about a complete rupture between these two parties, has swept the reactionary party to the pinnacle of power, but has, at the same time, robbed it of its strength by forcing it to stand alone.

The conservative party had two well defined groups, whose

aims and general principles were nevertheless almost identical. These groups consisted mostly of the industrial and the merchant classes, with a fairly large proportion of the "middle" gentry. They constituted the Octobrist group, which nominally upheld the Constitutional Manifesto of 1905, and the Nationalist group, the latter being characterized by a more reactionary spirit, which often assumed the ugly form of an antagonism to the "foreign" nationalities, particularly the Jews. *)

These two groups lent their entire support to the policies of the late Premier Stolypin. They advocated his schemes in the Douma, in the Zemstvos, in the press, and wherever else their influence could be brought to bear. There seems to be no doubt that, without their aid, Stolypin's program would not have had the slightest chance of being successfully carried out. They considered Stolypin a great statesman, for, besides breaking up with an iron hand the revolution of 1905, he had come forth with a well defined agrarian program, which put an end to the old and historic Russian institution, — communal land-ownership. As a result of his reforms, thousands of peasant communities were broken up, migration to towns began, and incidentally, more favorable conditions were created for the industrialization of some parts of the country. But the chief effect of the reform, as far as the conservative elements were concerned, was that it made Russian gentry, the land-owning class, feel more secure in its possessions, for the safety of which they entertained grave doubts during the stormy years of the revolution.

Upon this point, then, the conservative and the reactionary elements had so much in common that their political affiliation was a matter of course. But the ultra-reactionary elements, true to their very nature, entertained fond hopes that the country might return to the conditions which obtained before the bloody upheaval began to introduce changes. And, in so far as Stolypin was not in sympathy with their views on this subject, they considered him as a "dangerous radical," and, consequently, their enemy. They believed that Russia needs no reforms whatever, except a further strengthening of the powers of the governors and of the local police. These extreme reactionaries, representing some of the largest land-owners among the gentry, were opposed, before the War, even to the Douma itself. They repeatedly petitioned the government for the aboli-

*) The attitude to the Poles has changed recently.

tion of the Douma as an institution. They organized the "Union of the Russian People," the "Board of St. Michael," and other similar institutions, which came to be known as the "Black Hundred" organizations. These organizations soon proved to be a kind of new "secret government," as they waged a bitter struggle against everything that had even a tinge of liberalism. Thus, Zemstvo, educational, and even administrative institutions came under their ban. *)

Led by Dr. Dubrovin, Purishkevich, and Markov, these ultra-reactionaries made a practice of "exposing" governors who tolerated liberal newspapers in their provinces. They even brought charges of liberalism against cabinet ministers.

This extreme "right" of the Russian political allignment consists of men who, in their ideas and their point of view, are mediæval, rather than modern. They did not receive their political training in the Zemstvos, those cradles of Russian self-government and constitutionalism. Their views were moulded at the "assemblies of the nobles," where caste ideas reigned supreme. Their knowledge of the "people" came from their occasional visits to the "Tea-rooms," which the "Black Hundred" established all over the country, in order to have some place for preaching its doctrine of autocracy, supported by mob rule. Their political wisdom is not in opposition to religious massacres, "ritual murder" cases, or persecutions directed against the noble efforts of the self-denying and self-sacrificing country-school teachers. They are practically the only social group in Russia that openly despises the Constitutional Manifesto of 1905, claiming that it was forced upon Russia and the Tsar by the "traitor," Witte.

These extremists have a very long list of political "Don't's," but, as might have been expected, they have no positive, constructive program. Probably their whole political creed is summed up in their hatred of democracy and their unwillingness to give up the smallest of the privileges enjoyed by the gentry. They are even opposed to the organization of War Industrial Committees, considering their establishment an infringement upon the principles of autocracy, and the guiding position of the "leading class," the gentry.

They are frightened by the new elements in the life of Russia, which are constantly gaining prestige and power,—the

*) The influence of the Russian clergy is left out in this connection, as the subject is too complicated to be treated in this article.

traders, the manufacturers, the merchants, the bankers, the railroad-builders. The gentry fear, and perhaps not without reason, that their place and importance will be usurped by these newcomers. And, in their fright, they are trying in vain to turn back the wheels of history.

In the government of Kursk, for example, a nobleman by the name of Emnich, presented to an Assembly of the Nobles a detailed report concerning the necessary reforms in Russia. In his report, he advocated the restoration of the institution of serfdom by means of a law which would forbid peasants to travel away from the place where they live. Such a condition would help the noble land-owners to build up their estates, as they would have a sufficient supply of cheap agricultural labor.

The same mediæval note was sounded only a year before the War in a report drawn up by a group of noblemen of the government of Poltava. The report pointed out the incalculable injury done to the interests of the Russian gentry by the introduction of banks and railroads, for these institutions "undermine the foundation of the existing political order," besides being "a menace to the State, as well as to the interests of the gentry."

If we add to these mediæval projects a conception of "nationalism," which would dispose, by extermination, of fifteen millions of "foreign" nationalities, such as Jews, Finns, Armenians, etc., we should have a complete picture of the social and political beliefs of the Russian ultra-reactionaries. It would be absurd to believe that such a program has the slightest chance of becoming the leading factor in the political life of Russia.

Despite their present position at the top of the political ladder, it is more than probable that they will soon be eliminated as a political power. Every war that Russia has fought wrought tremendous changes in the country. The War of 1812 spread liberal ideas among the upper classes of Russia. The Crimean War was followed by the emancipation of the serfs, while the Russo-Japanese War carried Russia just beyond the threshold of constitutionalism. The European War may mean the ultimate triumph of democracy in Russia. Whatever may happen, there will scarcely be room in the political life of Russia for the mediæval ideas of her reactionaries.

In The Glare of Battle.

By J. Okunev.

The following sketch is taken from Mr. Okunev's Russian book of impressions of the War. He followed the Russian armies through Galicia and up the Carpathian passes, and his vivid accounts are unusual for their power and skill in characterization.—Ed.

There is nothing more dreadful than the sight of human habitation laid waste by the war. A few shells from a gun of large caliber lay a building in ruins, so that nothing remains but piles of dirt, broken stones, and pieces of wood. And if a town or a village happen to be within the range of the guns, whose hurricane-like cannonade usually precedes an attack, then every building in it is razed to the ground, and on the spots upon which so recently stood the homes of men nothing is now seen except smoke-stacks, which, for some reason or other, shells, shrapnel, and bullets usually miss.

Going in the direction of the town of R., we passed many such spots laid waste by artillery fire. Burnt pillars, bent sheets of iron torn off the roof and scattered on the ground, broken dishes, mutilated utensils, frames with scraps of burnt canvass in the place of paintings, bodies of pianos, blackened by fire, —this is all that is left of the merry Polish estates, which the Austrians had visited, and through which the artillery fire played unhampered.

We have become accustomed to death; the sight of the most terrible wounds frightens us no longer. We have seen cases in which a "dum-dum" bullet would enter the body, and, on coming out, tear a hole as large as a saucer. We have seen dreadful sufferings; a thousand times have we imagined ourselves in the place of our wounded comrades. The fear of pain, which is infinitely more severe and acute than the fear of death, has already burned out in the soul of every one of us. Nothing can make us afraid or desperate; nothing can terrify us. And yet there is something to which we cannot become accustomed: it is the sight of charred roofs, fragments of furniture, broken plate . . .

Plain soldiers, especially peasants, men like Zverev, Lozhkin, Zozulenko, feel even more deeply than we, educated men, the meaning and the horror of this destruction.

"They must have come to the end of the rope," say they,

seeing the ruins. "Men must be desperate, if they don't spare even houses. That means the end."

In the neighborhood of R., we came across the beautiful old park of the Polish magnate, Branitzky. Splendid, old lindens, hundred-year old oaks, tall acacias, their branches broken off by shells, stood in straight rows, charred and black, — the gloomy sentinels of the devastated castle. Conservatories with broken roofs, filled with dirt and shattered flower-pots, ponds with objects of every description piled into them, tennis-courts and meadows cut by trenches and disfigured by explosions, — this was all that remained of the splendid, rich estate.

A peculiar, complex feeling seemed to stir in our hearts, a feeling of pity and, at the same time, of something that baffled analysis, resembling, perhaps, repentance, or a realization of our own indirect responsibility. This realization caused the soldiers' faces to become harder and sterner, brought curses and imprecations to their lips, made their step more regular, although there was no need for this regularity. Zverev lighted a cigarette, threw it away before it was half consumed, and said, spitting through his teeth:

"When you fight, you break the other fellow's cheek-bones. But what's the use of spoiling property? The devils!"

"Keep still, there," said the officer to him. "It doesn't concern you."

Zverev lit another cigarette, but threw it away also, cursing the tobacco for being wet.

"Tobacco is the thing a military man needs most, and it get wet, the Devil take it! What are you going to do without tobacco in time of war?"

"Stop that, Zverev. Here's a cigarette," said Kostrukov.

Zverev took the cigarette, evidently regretting that there was no longer a pretext for grumbling.

And then, too, there was no time for grumbling. Our orders were to go through the park, and on towards R., where the N. Division had dug itself in.

At the end of the park, on the high road, stood a small brick building, evidently serving the purpose of a watch-house before the War. Only a flue and two walls still remained standing. When we approached the spot, a half-wild, dirty dog ran from behind the flue, and rushed away with a howl.

"It stinks here, boys," said Lozhkin, approaching a pile of broken stone.

And really, a sweetish smell of decay came from the pile,

amid which something white was visible. It was the body of a dead child. The white dress and the little white shoes trimmed with fur were still intact. But instead of the face, what we saw was a horrible, reddish-purple mass.

The soldiers stooped over the dead body.

"Anything there you haven't seen? Get along, now!" said the officer, looking in a different direction.

Lozhkin moved his head from side to side, as though his collar was too tight, and looked at those about him with a gaze that was full of perplexity.

"Just look at that... Eh?"

That was all he said, and was silent until evening, although he was fond of chatting. In the evening, sitting down on the ground in a swamp where we had a short rest, he still remained silent for some time, smoking; later he began to whistle, and then to sing. Finally he said in a low voice:

"And the dress on her was white!"

Then he began to whistle again, and, at last, getting rid of his thoughts, he suddenly hit Zverev on the back with his fist, and shouted out:

"Get along, now, Palasha!"

This was his favorite saying, with which he usually concluded all his conversations, or the course of his thoughts.

I am a peaceful man. I have read many splendid books, in which the questions of good and evil were discussed thoroughly. I cannot kill anybody, cannot steal anything, cannot injure a woman or a child. I know, I am convinced, that war is an evil, that in it is combined everything that I cannot do. And yet the signal horn begins to scatter its disquieting *tra-ta-ta* through the field. My heart begins to beat rapidly, my throat is compressed, my mind is clouded, stripped entirely of what the books I had read imparted to it, void of any realization of good and evil. The only thing that remains is the *inevitable*, and what I do with the bayonet or the rifle is not murder, not evil, not horror, but something which is essential and highly important.

There is a mighty force in that *tra-ta-ta* produced by a piece of steel, a force which is more powerful than I, myself, than my horror of blood. The sound of that imperative summons is right, and not a single argument against it rises within me. Principles? What principle, what conviction is there that can withstand the force of the inevitable? Fear? But war is a state in which fear is conquered by fear. One must possess a

greater courage to flee than to go forward; for the bullets and the shells are behind, while, as you move ahead, they fly over your head, and when you are close to your enemy, the only question is to break through, i. e., escape danger altogether.

When I hear the signal, I cease to know, to understand what is to be done, to see what I am doing, and yet it seems that I am doing exactly what should be done.

And what I have to do is to run a few steps, lie down, and dig myself in. Then jump up, run a few more steps, lie down again, and again dig myself in as deeply as possible. The little shovel seems to be throwing up the ground of its own accord, the little mound seems to rise up of itself, for my thoughts have nothing to do with war, or with my present occupation; I am thinking about the blue sky, about myself, about everything, except what is going on around me. *Of that I must not think.*

For I, with all my thoughts, feelings, and fears, and the blue sky I see above me, — all this may die any instant. And then I shall be no more, and the blue sky will cease to exist, and the war, and the little mound that I have just heaped up. And not I alone, but Zverev, and the former lawyer Tomilin, and all others think about this with sinking hearts.

"Oh, may . . ." curses Zverev, as he brushes away with his shovel the bullets that are flying around like flies.

"Why do you swear? Maybe you'll die soon," says Maximov to him.

"Why? Because it makes you feel better. Just see what they're doing there."

"My, what a tongue you've got, Zverev! Can't do without cursing."

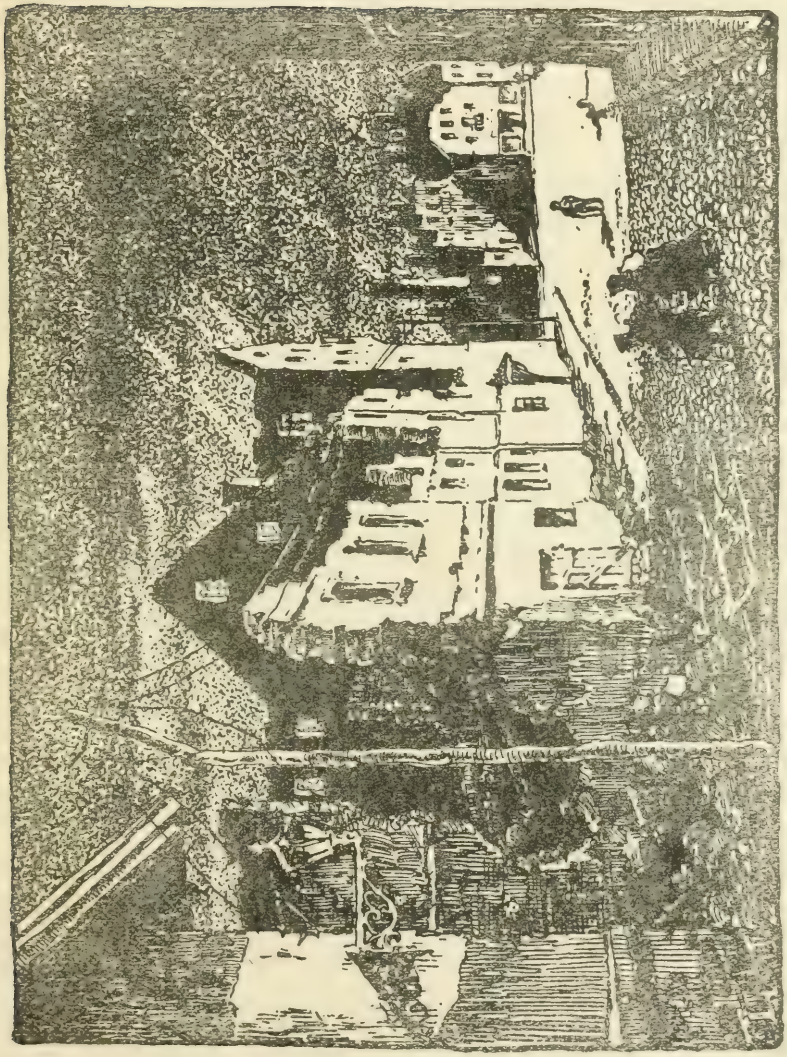
"No, I can't; that's the way I was made."

"Well, well, get along, now," breaks in Lozhkin, never missing an opportunity to put in his favorite saying.

And this conversation takes place under a rain of bullets, in the first line of the enemy's trenches that we captured during the night.

We do not know how soon we may be ordered to go into action. Just now artillery is doing its best. In the meantime, we have to remake the captured trenches, "turn them the other way around," as the soldiers say; i. e., remove the earth-bank from one side of the trench to the other.

We are in the midst of a whole labyrinth of trenches. We are in the first line, the cover line, that temporarily shelters the attacking infantry. The trenches are very deep, in places



"THE GERMANS ARE GONE."

A Polish village after the Germans had lef it, as drawn by a war artist. (*Lukomorye*)

covered with logs and earth, with openings for rifles and indentations for commanders. The second line is a series of well-protected earth-works for the batteries. The third line is for the reserves. The three lines of trenches are connected by transverse underground passages. When we go into action, the reserves leave the third line of trenches and take our place.

We are really in an underground town, with streets and alleys, and this town constantly changes its outlines as the battle progresses. New saps are made, the network of trenches is extended, new earth-banks are heaped up, false covers are constructed in order to deceive the enemy. And all this work is done while the battle is in progress, while the guns are roaring ceaselessly, while lead and iron are falling as thick as hail. Yet, we experience no fear in performing the work; on the contrary, we are in good spirits, for we forget about everything except the fact that this spot needs straightening out, another place needs deepening, a third, levelling.

And the bullets fall and fall, without end . . .

Towards evening it became known that we were going into action that night. As usual, the soldiers "prepared" for battle: put on clean underwear, if they had any, and washed themselves.

"You must be clean when you go out to die," they say.

Tomilin, who had entered the army as a volunteer, was sitting in a corner of the trench, deep in thought. Suddenly he rose and approached me.

"I told you once," said he, "that I am an unbeliever. But now I do believe. And do you know? war changes all of us, it seems. That is, your convictions and your point of view may remain the same, but there is something new in your soul."

" 'Communion with fire and blood?' " said I, recalling the words he used on a previous occasion.

"No, not that. I cannot express it. Words seem to be pretentious and affected. Zverev or Zozulenko can express it, but I can't . . . It is a kind of an anxious, passionate expectation, before which my own death is but a trifle, a small incident, that has no significance."

"Are you afraid, brother?" suddenly asked somebody in the darkness, a few steps away from us.

"Why should I be afraid? Before others, too?" said the unseen person, to whom the question was addressed. "And even if I am afraid, they won't ask me about it. It must be done, and that's all there is to it."

"That's right."

Tomilin nodded, as if agreeing with the opinion that "all there was to it" was that "it must be done." After that he walked away.

The order came to leave the trench and begin to approach quietly the enemy's positions. The familiar feeling, half fear, and half apprehension, seized me.

The enemy was alert. They saw us and guessed our intentions. The machines guns began their rapid clicking, and their fans of bullets began to sweep the field.

It seems as though ripe ears of grain flutter over your head. It is the whisper and the hissing of thousands of flying bullets. They fly on and on, and finally fall to the ground, their destructive force already spent.

And again, as a few days ago, during the previous attack, I feel that I must not think about fear, otherwise I am lost.

Tomilin and Kirichenko are not far away from me, one to the right and the other to the left. All of us are lying flat on the ground. I do not know why we are lying so long, but through my half-closed eyes I see something big and fiery spinning around us, with a hoarse, hissing sound. I ought to creep away, but my body is heavy, and my arms and legs refuse to obey.

"Will 'it' hit me? Me or Tomilin? I guess it'll be Tomilin; 'it' is nearer to him. Oh, I wish it wouldn't be I! How old am I? Only thirty-two. If I reach an even number before it explodes, I'll be saved. One, two, three..."

Bach!

Tomilin jumps up to his feet. I get up also. Kirichenko is still prone on the ground.

"Kirichenko!"

"Ah?"

"Are you alive?"

"Yes."

"Is it over?"

"Over"

Kirichenko raises himself to a sitting position, takes off his cap, and makes the sign of the cross.

A narrow strip of red light runs over the field. This is the signal for the attack. We rush forward. I cannot see anything, except gray and blue spots ahead. I cannot hear anything, except a chaos of sounds, that remind one of the noise made by an in-flowing tide, or of a peculiar buzzing.

It is impossible to describe the impressions of an attack. There are no impressions. There is only a feeling that you overcome an obstacle. Now it gives way before you.

"Come on, boys, we're getting it," is heard from a distance.

Now we are pressed back.

"Hold on, now. The reserves are coming."

"Now, once more, once more!"

"Hurrah!"

The obstacle gives way again. The enemy's reserve is thrown back. Something soft and living stirs and swells under foot.

"Is it over?" ask we, as we did a short time before, when the shell was spinning around so close to us.

"It's over."

The trench is taken... The enemy is retreating, hastily drawing in his flanks... Beyond the three lines of trenches, the town of Zh. is burning; the Austrians set fire to it before retreating. Dead bodies are lying everywhere. One trench is filled with dead bodies to the brim...

A few inhabitants of the vilage, who did not have a chance to escape, gazed at us with eyes full of unspeakable terror. One old man threw himself into a burning building. A woman with a child in her arms ran past. Both the woman and the child were dressed in white...

"And the dress on her was white!" Zverev's exclamation involuntarily comes to my mind...

...The signal horn is heard in the distance.

News from Russia.

The recent introduction of temperance brought with it considerable changes in the social life of the people. Its immediate effect was to produce a kind of emptiness, which must be filled by other activities. The drinking-place is no longer there to fill the hours of leisure, and other means must be found to replace the relaxation offered by drink. In many places, educational and cultural institutions are being established and their work is conducted very effectively, for the sober population of the country welcomes these innovations most enthusiastically. The institutions are established mostly by the Zemstvos, and they consist of Sunday and afternoon lectures and classes, motion picture theatres, etc. The most elaborate project of this kind was that proposed by the Samara Zemstvo. This provides for the establishment in the government of Samara of six hundred and seventy-seven "Popular Centers." Fifty-four of these Centers would be located at the larger towns and cities, and would cost 810,000 roubles. Two hundred and thirteen Centers would be of smaller size, and their construction and equipment would cost 2,130,000 roubles. The other four hundred and ten Centers would be still smaller and would cost 2,050,000 roubles. The whole project would call for an expenditure of about 5,000,000 roubles. It is estimated that it could be carried out within ten years. Each Center must consist of meeting rooms, a large auditorium for lectures, a library, a motion picture theatre, etc. The Zemstvo expects that the central government will undertake a part of the financial burden in the carrying out of this plan.

* * *

According to statistics recently gathered by the government, there are, at the present time, over 182,000 war refugees in the provinces of the Caucasus. Over 100,000 of them are concentrated in the government of Erivan. About 95 per cent of the total are Armenians, while children constitute 38 per cent. The refugees are penniless, and require constant aid.

* * *

The Socialist Party of Finland had, by the end of 1914, a membership of 51,520. The Party comprised 637 labor unions, forty organizations of farm laborers, ninety-five young men's societies, and 101 young women's societies, besides the regular party organizations. The Socialist unions owned 890 houses, valued at eight and a half million marks, their cash reserve was two million marks, while their indebtedness was four million marks.

* * *

The dependence of Russian industries upon Germany is well illustrated by the present condition of the church candle industry, which is conducted by the Church. Despite the fact that Russia is able to produce enough wax to supply the whole of Europe, her wax industry was entirely in the hands of three German firms, which were suspended at the beginning of the War with the result that the country experiences a shortage in wax. It was finally decided by the candle manufacturers to purchase wax in England, and almost 200,000 pounds have already been bought. The importation of this wax is expected to relieve the shortage. At the same

time, a movement has been launched with the object of developing Russia's own wax industry.

* * *

Rumors were recently spread in the government of Tula that miracles were observed on the grave of Leo Tolstoy at Yasnaia Poliana. These rumors rapidly gained credence among the peasants of this locality, especially among followers of Tolstoy's teachings. A group of these followers of Tolstoy was recently arrested for circulating a proclamation against war, which they issued under the name of "Our Open Word," signing it as "Tolstoyans."

* * *

Following the recommendations of the military and marine courts-martial, a new set of rules was issued on January 22, 1915, making penalties for military offenses more severe than heretofore. The whole of Section 2 of the Military Code has undergone changes. The death penalty is now provided for the following offenses: desertion from the army, unless the deserter returns voluntarily; attempts of desertion to the enemy; attempts to avoid military service or military duties by furnishing false certificates of sickness, or by intentionally injuring oneself, in order to escape service.

* * *

The District Court of Petrograd decided to postpone the case of G. S. Nosar-Chrustalev, pending the report of the commission appointed to investigate his sanity. Chrustalev was the president of the Workingmen's Council during the revolution. He was then exiled to Siberia, but succeeded in effecting an escape. He was living outside of Russia until the beginning of the War, when, like many other revolutionaries, he returned to his native country to take his place among its defenders. He was promptly arrested and changes were preferred against him on account of his escape from Siberia. The appointment of a commission to investigate his sanity came as a result of his repeated requests that Justice P. D. Ifliand should not preside at his trial. Chrustalev petitioned the highest authorities for a change of the presiding justice on the ground that Ifliand is of German extraction and that his sympathies are with the Germans, which fact would make him inclined to be harsh with the defendant. Chrustalev even charged the Justice with being a secret "German spy." The Justice himself made a request that he be relieved of his duties, and Justice R. I. Savich was appointed to preside at the trial.

* * *

Archbishop Andronicus of Perm, in a prelate's message to his diocese, condemned the rapacity of the merchants who raise the prices of necessities of life. "Like German murderers, or wild jackals," says the archbishop in his message, "they attack the people of Russia. By the power, granted to us by God, we say to these men, who are so fond of money: 'Your silver shall be your ruin. Your riches will rot away. You are jackals who attack your own kin, you are harmful and dangerous enemies of your country.'"

* * *

The War Office plans to concentrate in Central Siberia all the prisoners of war already sent to Siberia. Several agricultural societies of Western Siberia, however, are petitioning the government not to remove all the prisoners from their districts, as their labor in the field is necessary there. On the other hand, the agricultural communities of Central Siberia are anxiously awaiting the arrival of these prisoners.

Literary Notes.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

The Russian Ballet, prior to the premiere of Diaghilev's *Ballet Russe* at the Chatelet Theatre in Paris in 1909, while known and appreciated by those who had seen the ballet at Petrograd and Moscow, at the Imperial theatres there, was little known to Western nations, and its literature was small.

After the appearance of the *Ballet Russe* in Paris in 1909, and in London in 1911, however, the literature on the subject began to grow and to attract some very excellent criticism. The recurring appearance of the *Ballet Russe* in Paris and London, with occasional visits to Berlin, Milan, Monte Carlo, etc., tended to develop the constantly growing body of appreciative literature. Some of this literature ranks with standard works on the kindred arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, for, associated with the *Ballet Russe*, are many names eminent in music and art. It was through the labors of such musicians as Balakirev, Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazounov, Stravinsky, Dukas, Debussy, Ravel, Borodin, Schumann, Chopin, of such artists as Bakst, Roerich, Benois, Soudiekin, Dobouzhinsky, such masters of the dance as Fokine, Nizhinsky, Miassin, Cechetti, Karsavina, Pavlova, Bohm, Mordkin, that contributed largely to the success of the *Ballet Russe*.

The object of this note is to give a list of the best that has been written in the English language on the subject of the Russian ballet, its creators and interpreters. Attention should be drawn, however, to some of the standard works in French, particularly M. Calvocoressi's French translation of V. Svetlow's "Le Ballet Contemporain," as well as the critical articles that appeared during 1909-1914 in such publications as the Paris *Figaro*, *Temps*, *Le Theatre*, and *Comoedia Illustre*.

The following bibliography is by no means exhaustive; it is rather intended to be suggestive, perhaps a starting point for those who are interested in a more or less critical study of the Russian Ballet.

A. E. Johnson: The Russian Ballet, Boston, 1913.

G. Whitworth: The Art of Nijinsky.

Ellen Terry: Russian Ballet. London, 1913.

Serge Wolkonsky: The Ballet. The Nineteenth Century, London, June 1913.

Arthur Applin: Russian Ballet. London, 1912.

E. O. Hoppe: Studies from Russian Ballet. London, 1913.

T. & M. W. Kinney: The Dance. London, 1914.

Felix Clay: Renaissance of Dansing. Edinburgh Review, January 1914.

Igor Stravinsky. Harvard Musical Review, 1914.

Alexander Borodin. Harvard Musical Review, 1915.

Leon Bakst and Russian Ballet. N. Y. Evening Post Supplement, November 20, 1915.

H. P. Kreiner.

RUSSIAN COLLECTION AT THE YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

The Yale University Library has one of the finest collections of Russian books in this country. The fol-

lowing statement concerning the collection was kindly prepared for *The Russian Review* by Mr. Andrew Keogh, the Acting Librarian:

"A collection of Russian books, commenced for us some years ago by a friend whose name we are not permitted to give, has grown by yearly additions from the same source to 6,000 volumes, only a small part of which have hitherto been reported among the yearly accessions of the library. The collection is even more valuable from the care with which the works composing it have been chosen than from its extent. In Russian and other Slavonic bibliography it contains approximately 250 vols.; on the languages of the Russian Empire, Slavonic, Lettic, and Altaic, 675 vols.; in Russian literature, apart from periodicals, 500 vols.; in history and geography, 475 vols. (on Alaska alone, 100 vols.), and 191 maps issued by the war department. But the most important feature of the collection is the large number of periodical publications, both those issued by learned societies and departments of the government and those of a more general character. There are 153 such serials, embracing not far from 4,000 volumes. No effort has been spared to make the sets complete and in most cases they are entirely so. Of the publications of the learned societies of Russia there are 570 vols. (which do not duplicate the 800 vols. already in the University library); of the Ministry of Public Instruction, 360 vols.; of the Ministry of Marine, 308 vols.; of the Ministry of War, 140 vols. Other important series are: Karamzin's Vestnik Evropy 'Messenger of Europe' (Mosc. 1802-30, 174 vols.), and the later journal of the same name (St. Petersb., 1866-95, v. 1-176); Russki Vestnik 'Russian Messenger' (Mosc. 1808-20, 42 vols.) and Katkov's Russki Vestnik (Mosc. and St. P., 1856-95, v. 1-241); Syn Otechestva, 'Son of the Fatherland' (St. P., 1812-48. 229 vols.). Otechestvennyia Zapiski, 'Fatherland Papers' (St. P., 1818-49, 113 vols.); Severnaia Pochela 'Northern Bee' (St. P., 1825-55, from 1831 daily); Moskvitianin 'Moscovian' (Mosc., 1841-49, 52 vols.); Russki Arkhiv 'Russian Archives' (Mosc., 1863-95, v. 1-76); Sbornik of the Imperial Russian Historical Society (St. P., 1867-95, v. 1-95); Russkaia Starina 'Russian Antiquity' (St. P., 1870-95, v. 1-84); Istoricheski Vestnik 'Historical Messenger' (St. P., 1870-95, v. 1-26); Niva 'Harvest field' (St. P., 1870-95, v. 1-26); Russische Revue (St. P., 1873-91). The books are in excellent condition and the greater part newly bound.

Thirty of the periodicals in the collection are still published. These will be subscribed for, that the sets may be kept complete."

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW

is on sale at leading book stores and newsstands throughout the United States and Canada. Our readers will confer a favor by reporting to us any book store or newsstand at which they are unable to obtain copies of The Russian Review.

Some books that will greatly help you in the study of the Russian Language and Literature.

MANUALS

A manual of the Russian language with a vocabulary and list of phrases. **45c.** net.

Conversation-Book in English and Russian. For the use of schools and travellers by J. Connor and M. Wyczlinsky. **$1.00** net.

DICTIONARIES.

Complete English-Russian Dictionary by A. Alexandroff **$1.70** net.

A new **English-Russian** and **Russian-English Dictionary** containing the whole vocabulary in general use with copious selections of scientific, technical and commercial terms and other, lately brought into use with their pronunciation figured, by M. Golovinsky. **$3.00** net.

English-Russian and Russian-English Dictionary by A. Wasilieff, containing all the usual words with their pronunciation figured. **$1.00** net.

English-Russian Dictionary by A. Garkavy. **75c.** net.

Vest-Pocket English-Russian and Russian-English Dictionary. **40c.** net.

Also, a great number of Russian books.

ADDRESS:

BOOK DEPARTMENT

31 E. 7th STREET **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

"Anti-German Economic Coalition and what Russia Can expect from It."

Professor I. M. GOLDSTEIN,
OF MOSCOW

will discuss this question in a special article written for **The Russian Review.**

The article will appear in the May Number.

25c. at all newsstands.

The Woman Voter.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
Edited by Florence Woolston.

The Woman Voter is the only magazine published in the interests of the New York State Campaign for woman suffrage. It contains the official news of the work, authoritative statements on policy by officers of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party, and general articles by well-known writers.

5c. per copy 50c. per year

Published by the
WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY
of THE CITY of NEW YORK
48 East 34th Street

LESSONS IN THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE

Elias L. Dourmashkin
532 E. 5th St., New York.

The ULLMAN PRESS, Inc.

PRINTERS
IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES
ESPECIALLY RUSSIAN

Booklets, Catalogs, Advertising Brochures, Circulars and General Printing in Any Language.

201-205 WILLIAM ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Printed by
The ULLMAN PRESS, Inc.
201-205 William St., New York

P
LSlav
R

Russian Review; social life, economics, politics, literature, science and art (1916)
Vol.1, no.2

DATE.

NAME OF BORROWER.

University of Toronto Library

DO NOT REMOVE THE CARD FROM THIS POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED